THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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HOME RULE.

Gladstone Moves a Second Reading of the Bill, and States the Difference Between Incorporated and Federal Unions.

He is Replied to by "Mike" Hicks-Beach, "Brumagem Joe," and Other Tory Swashbucklers.

Justin McCarthy and John Redmond Also Take a Hand.

LONDON, April 6.—The galleries of the House of Commons were full, but the House itself was not crowded when Mr. Gladstone arose today to move the second reading of the bill to establish Home Rule in Ireland.

Mr. Gladstone said the government had no intention of amending the bill as presented, except in minor particulars. He earnestly desired to bring home to the mind of the House the question when this great controversy was to end. For many years the question of Irish Home Rule had blocked the way of legislation. The Liberal party had offered a solution, but when they asked their opponents where all this was to end they rarely obtained an answer. Certainly the opposition had not yet ventured to point a process whereby the greatest of Irish questions should be decided aside from the way in which the Home Rule bill proposed to decide it. (Cheers.)

Mr. Gladstone proceeded with a historic development of the rise and the causes of the demand for Irish Home Rule. He said that the progress of events in the last century had proved the fallacy of the argument offered by the opponents of Home Rule that time and patience would see Ireland pacified without special legislation. Never was there a time when the Irish people were so near to acceptance of the union as during the first twenty-nine years after the act of union had been passed, and the reason was not because they loved it but because they were trodden under foot. They wished for peace, and they had no genuine representatives in the Imperial parliament. As soon as the voice of Ireland was heard in Parliament the constitutional movement for self-government commenced, and it had never ceased and would continue until self-government should be granted.

"Let the House," Mr. Gladstone continuee, "look at the spectacle the world offers in regard to its unions. In the civilized world no incorported union effected and maintained by force has ever prospered. That is a challenge of some boldness. Is it too bold?"

Here Sir Michael Hicks-Beach interrupted Mr. Gladstone with the remark: "Take the case of the United States."

Mr. Gladstone answered: "I said incorporated union. You missed the essential word. Holland and Belgium tried incorporated union, and after a precarious existence of fifteen years a divorce was effected. Austria and Hungary tried incorporated union, and after years of sad experience they found the choice lay in giving it up or the empire. Russia incorporated Poland. Take your stand thereon if you think fit. Let the opposition make it the model of their operations. To all unions but one principle can be applied, and that is whether they require permanent maintenance by force. If, when the force disappears, harmony remains, the union is good. If the maintenance of the union by force, actual or in reserve, is necessary the value of the union is questionable.

"Unions not incorporated but autonomous have been attended in all cases with success, sometimes complete and always considerable. Thus Austria and Hungary under their present union, Norway and Sweden, Denmark and Iceland, Russia and Finland, are illustrations. The most complete success was the German Federation where each State had its own powers, the union only affecting imperial interests. In the United States each State has its own rights, and any one in America daring to interfere with those rights would be regarded as a madman. The colonies had some points in common with Ireland. The disaffection once permeated them, but a remedy was found in self-government." (Cheers.)

In conclusion Mr. Gladstone referred to the retention of the Irish members in the Imperial Parliament. During the last sixty years, he said, twelve instances had occurred of Cabinets being displaced by a vote of censure. Among these instances there was not a case where the question at issue was purely British, eight having been imperial and four Irish questions. Therefore, he thought, less inconvenience ought to be expected from Irish members voting on British questions than had been anticipated.

Regarding the question of finance, Mr. Gladstone admitted that it was no easy matter to disentangle the finances of countries associated for the last ninety years. It could not be done in any way free from inconvenience, but the trouble was mere dust in the balance compared with the vital importance of the great purpose of aiming at the real union of the two countries and the codsolidation of the empire. The bill carefully guarded the possibility of increasing imperial expenditure whereof Ireland ought to pay its share in the event of war and other causes. If the House was not satisfied with the security offered under the existing finance clause of the bill he was ready to deal freely with the question and to recast the clauses objected to.

Until a recent period the question between Great Britain and Ireland had been one between class and nation. Now it was between nation and nation. There was no more melancholy spectacle on earth than the spectacle of wrong inflicted by one nation on another. On the other hand, there was nothing nobler than to see a nation deliberately set upon the removal of injustice and deliberately determined to break with whatever remained.

The rejection of the Home Rule bill was moved by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, president of the Board of Trade in the last Salisbury Cabinet. He taunted Mr. Gladstone with having made a long excursion into Irish history when he was expected to answer the multitudinous criticisms of the bill. Since the character of the measure had become known the most intense antagonism had developed against it. In a large part of Ireland the people were irreconcilably opposed to all the details as well as to the principle of the bill. The North of Ireland rang with protests against the Prime Minister's proposals, yet the Prime Minister ignored this remarkable agitation, and would not even pause in his retrospect to answer the arguments of the men behind it. The Prime Minister had said that the Home Rule bill had been before the country seven years. This was not true. Before the bill was introduced last February only the vaguest statements as to its proposals had been made.

The assertion was made frequently that Ireland demanded Home Rule, that its electors had accepted Home Rule. This was only partly true. The majority of Irish electors had demanded and accepted it, but a large and determined minority had decided to have none of it. Nevertheless, admitting a unanimous sentiment in Ireland for Home Rule, the proposal for the dissolution of the union was rejected by the other party to the bargain. The majority of the electors of Great Britain were convinced that Parliament, once persuaded to take the fateful step now proposed, could never retrace it without plunging the country into the horrors of a civil war.

LONDON, April 10.—There was a small attendance in the House of Commons today when discussion was resumed on the motion for the second reading of the Irish Home Rule bill. It was not until Joseph Chamberlain arose that the House assumed the aspect of interest and attention. Mr. Chamberlain said the bill proposed to establish a brand new Constitution for Ireland. The Prime Minister asked them, continued Mr. Chamberlain, when the controversy would be settled if the measure should be rejected. The whole question really was, would the bill settle the controversy? Was not Mr. Gladstone in too great a hurry and was he not too impatient to deal with the Irish difficulty?

A new era had opened for Ireland with the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Then the agrarian question had been partly settled. Time ought to be given to allow for the beneficial operation of these other measures; but the Prime Minister said that Ireland was still discontented and that no progress toward conciliation had been made. If such was the case, then the predictions of the Prime Minister regarding the measures he had already promoted for Ireland had proven fallacious and threw discredit on similar predictions in regard to the present measure giving Ireland a separate legislature.

Probably, added Mr. Chamberlain, the people of England would accept the bill if they believed that it would enable them to get rid of the Irish question. (Hea.! hear!) But he feared it would do nothing of the kind. Mr. Gladstone had disregarded the rights of the minority, and treated the most influential and prosperous section of the Irish people with contempt. He proposed to subject that section of the Irish people to such legislative conditions as would wreck their industries and expose the whole country to financial ruin. Not Ireland alone but England equally had reason to dread the results of the measure.

The whole of the property classes, continued Mr. Chamberlain, whatever their religion, were opposed to the bill. Had the Prime Minister, he asked, ever known any State to succeed when the government was opposed by a majority of the classes owning property? Even the Nationalists in accepting the measure did not admit that it was a finality. He challenged the Irish leaders to say whether they accepted the principles in the bill affirming the veto of the crown on advice of the British Ministry and preventing the Irish Parliament from dealing with external trade. Were these taken as final, or were the financial clauses rendering Ireland liable to increased taxation for war and other purposes connected with imperial policy accepted as final?

There was absolutely nothing final about the bill. As soon as the Irish Parliament should be formed they would require it to be patched up again. (Hear! hear!) Did anybody consider the socalled safeguards in the bill worth anything if the Irish majority was determined to disregard them? True, the British Parliament could enforce them by civil war, but not otherwise. (Conservative cheers.)

The only safeguard the government had, continued Mr. Chamberlain, was the good feeling and generosity of the Irish leaders and people, and if the government had the courage of its convictions it ought to sweep away the so-called safeguards in the bill. But probably Mr. Gladstone still suspected the good intentions of the men to whom he was maneuvering to give the government of Ireland. Those were the men about whom he formerly said that they preached the gospel of plunder, and were marching through rapine to the dismemberment of the empire.

The present Chancellor of the Exchequer had denounced them as preaching the doctrines of treason and murder. The present Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster had said that if the police should be placed in the hands of an elective body the landlords might whistle for their rent and be glad if they escaped with a whole skin, and the present Secretary for Scotland had once declared that he would rather remain a private citizen throughout his life than consent to confide the lives and liberties of a law-abiding population to a Parliament composed of such men.

These were the utterances of four ministers who now led the way in proposing to establish such a Parliament. (Conservative cheers.) He would not say that Ireland, if England should be engaged in war, would take sides against England, but it was possible that the sympathy of the Irish might be with England's opponents, thereby exposing England to the risk of a simultaneous civil and foreign war. Mr. Gladstone now professed boundless faith in the Irish people, but it was a faith of recent growth. They were asked to stake the honor and dignity and the life of the nation on the assurance that a miracle would be wrought changing the hearts of men and altering the springs of human action.

The danger was too great and the possible gain too small. If the bill should pass and they escaped disaster and disgrace the government would still fail to find a plausible reason for risking so much with so little corresponding advantage. (Cheers.)

Justin McCarthy, leader of the anti-Parnellites, ridiculed Mr. Chamberlain's prophesies of disaster. The Irish people, he said, hailed the bill as a pledge that their aspirations would be satisfied. They would accept it as a message of lasting peace. Predictions that they would misuse it to foment discord and disloyalty could only be made honestly by those mistaking the present mood of the Irish nation. He could not say that the Irish party were quite satisfied with the financial clauses of the Home Rule bill; nevertheless, they accepted the bill generally as an honest settlement of the question. (Cheers.) As far as the Irish party could foresee, it might prove a final settlement. If the bill was carried, the Prime Minister would win the undying gratitude of millions of men. (Prolonged cheers.)

John Redmond, leader of the Parnellites, said that the bill had been discussed sufficiently by the House. Nothing was to be gained by prolonging the debate and a division was now needed to give effect to the wishes expressed by the nation at the last general election. Mr. Redmond ridiculed the idea that Ulster had anything to fear from Catholic Ireland. If disturbances in Ireland should follow the passage of the bill they would be due to the conduct of the opposition leaders, who had not hesitated to excite the worst passions of both Catholics and Protestants. (Hear! hear!)

Sir George Trevelyan, Secretary for Scotland, who followed Mr. Redmond, made an elaborate defense of the bill. He commended Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr. Chamberlain for their frankness "in at least admitting the necessity of settling the Irish question by some measure of self-government." Both of the wealthiest opponents of the bill, he said, had, in fact, admitted that had the bill contained a guarrantee of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament they would have accepted it. But all guarantees formerly asked by the opposition had been conceded, notably the retention of Irish members at Westminster, which was demanded so insistently in 1886.

Sir George taunted Mr. Chanberlain with inconsistency in this matter and charged the Conservative party with practicing now all the arts of obstruction which they had found so obnoxious when used by the Nationalists. After answering in detail the arguments of the opposition against specific provisions of the bill he denounced strongly the Ulster programme. The leading Conservative statesmen, he said, were indulging a prospective justification of civil war in Ireland. He, for his part, did not care for civil war. The men who were talking so loudly about fighting were not of the fighting kind. Such intemperate speeches as were made daily with the approval of the opposition leaders could not fail, however, to produce violent displays of fanaticism. It had been said that a majority of forty was too small to grant Home Rule? How large a majority, he would like to know, would be required to induce Ireland to acquiesce in the refusal of Home Rule? The relations of England could never be the same as they were before the last general election. Every year that passed before the settlement of the question was a year lost in a vain attempt to avert the measure which would surely be passed under one government or another—perhaps passed just as the Catholic emancipation, free trade, and household suffrage were passed by governments which previously had refused to pass them.

Ashmead Bartlett, Conservative, for the Eccles-All division of Sheffield, remarked that the secretary for Scotland had shown the boundless and burning zeal of a convert. Seven years ago the right honorable gentleman had declared that he never would consent to Home Rule; moreover, he had been a member of a government which had passed a drastic coercion bill.

When Ashmead Bartlett sat down the house adjourned.

Trusts and combinations are unpopular. But there is one form of trust against which no one has anything to say. That is the trust the public reposes in Hood's Sarsaparilla—because they know HOOD'S CURES.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable.

LO! THE POOR IMMIGRANT.

An Eloquent Irish-American Student of St. Bede's College, Peru, Ill., Wants to Bar Him Out,

Unless He Comes Dressed in Purple and Fine Linen, and Scented With Eau de Cologne.

According to Mr. Gannon, Immigrants from Europe Must be Ponderously Rich and Severely Respectable.

At St. Bede's College, Peru, Ill., recently there was a joint debate on the question, "Resolved, that immigration should be restricted," in which the affirmative was taken by Mr. Victor Gannon, of Oshkosh, Wis., and the negative by Mr. Peter E. Boesen, of Creston, Iowa. Mr. Gannon's argument was as follows:

The duty imposed upon me this evening is one to which I am drawn with extreme pleasure, not only because I myself am strongly in favor of a restriction, but also because the hearts of all true Americans respond in the affirmative to the query, "Should immigration be restricted." There was a time in our history when we sought and encouraged immigration; when we declared this country to be the home for the oppressed of all nations, and extended wide-stretched arms to receive them. But time has changed the aspect of things in general in America.

With the past, the present question of immigration has little to do. The recitation of its ancient virtues will form no barrier to its future power to harm. That such power exists is being demonstrated. Sentiment has little to do with reality, and immigration is rapidly taking the poetry from our national existence. It is not that we should offer an asylum and a welcome to the immigrant possessed of the requisite $100, and the ability to write his name in the language of the mother country, but have we the need of him? What requirement of the present, or apparent future, that cannot be met with existing circumstances?

To the honest, healthy, manly immigrant, anxious to become an American citizen in all that the name implies, and sturdily able to support himself, as unwilling to wrong others as to suffer wrong at their hands, we cordially extend a welcome now, as we have done in the past. Remember, please remember, I do not, I could not, mean a suspension of immigration, but I mean exactly what I say, that I am strongly in favor of a restriction of immigration. We receive every year scores of thousands of immigrants whose presence is a boon to the land, who themselves become as good citizens as any in the country, and whose children are Americans of the best type. But we also receive hundreds of thousands of immigrants who are emphatically a curse to us as their fellows are a blessing. They are a detriment to us in many ways.

When the immigrants are morally objectionable; when they are accustomed to a very low scale of living; when they come here in such swarms as to underbid, impoverish and drive out of employment the American laboring men, they should be excluded. When they refuse to assimilate with us, and are indeed incapable of such assimilation, they should be kept out. We have no place here for the Anarchist, the Dynamiter, or the Socialist who wishes to attain his end by blood and revolution. Over this country there is but room for one flag, and of all flags there is none more alien to the stars and stripes than the bloody flag of anarchy! We offer the United States as an asylum for the oppressed of all nations, but we withdraw this privilege when the oppressed become the oppressors.

We need not be alarmed about our lawyers, clergymen or bank presidents of native origin being brought into unfair competition with immigrants entering the same professions, but we have every reason to be alarmed lest the standard of the men who till our farms, who dig our mines, and who build our houses be lowered by undue competition with the multitudes poured upon our shores through the steerage cabins of countless European steamships.

In this country we cannot afford to foster cheap labor. As a mere matter of national protection, our labor must be dear, at least in the sense of being well paid. When mechanics of our mills and factories have their wages lowered by the competition of the wretched thousands, who form the prey of the "sweater," when the men who dig our mines are driven out of employment by uncouth myriads, who kennel twenty in a hut and live on carrion in the midst of pestilence-breeding filth; when these things and others like them happen, then is the American workingman in danger, and it is time to see that he is not seriously wronged.

The highest duty of a nation is self preservation. I believe the government has the right to protect the public health and to prevent the entrance of contagious and infectious diseases into the country. Congress has the right to declare war, but my able opponent will endeavor to make you believe that the United States has no right to defend itself against an enemy which would depopulate our cities and towns. Does the enemy become any less of an enemy because it appears in our ports of entry unarmed. The government is justified in prohibiting the Chinese from coming to our shores, because it is not immigration in the proper sense of the term. The worst classes were coming as they do from Europe, and they did not come as families. Do you think that the immigrants of the present day when they desert their own country and come here because of a military law would in case of necessity take up arms to uphold the Union?

Many of the evils of unrestricted immigration might be checked or altogether stopped if a higer value were placed upon citizenship, and more precautions taken in the way of naturalization. Citizenship should be a thing to be proud of, sought for, and not forced. Citizenship should be withheld from the foreigner until he becomes acquainted with the country, and his conduct has shown that he is entitled to a vote as a reward of merit.

The padrone system is another exemplification of the evils which arise from the promotion of unrestricted immigration. The law which was intended to regulate contract labor is but a step in the right direction, and conclusively proves that indiscriminate immigration, instead of being an advantage to the country is a detriment; hence some steps should be taken to control it, especially in view of the fact that this is the year of the World's Columbian Fair and there is danger of another siege of the cholera in this country. There is no autheutic case on record of cholera originating in this country. It was invariably the filthy and debased immigrants, who lived in misery and squalor from the day of their birth until they died, who brought the terrible scourge to this country. Think of the character and moral nature of a man who will accept quarters on board of an Eastern steamship in which stockmen will not allow their cattle to be placed. Do you think there is material for American citizenship in such as these? American citizenship is debased by the mighty influx of this foreign foe.

Why not exclude the pauper element of Eastern Europe, for they, like the Chinese, seek to accumulate the largest amount of money in the shortest possible period of absence from their own country. The idea of procuring a home in this country is one which they never entertain. This country is not suffering from a want of people, nor is there any active demand at present for the labor which immigrants would supply. The day is far gone, when closing the floodgates here, would close all gates to those in Europe who want to better themrelves. For those who care not to better themselves there are broad regions waiting for settlement in South America and in Australia. The apparent evils of the vast increase within recent years of degraded immigrants from Italy, Turkey, Hungary, Poland and Russia proper form the basis of the arguments for "restricting immigration."

Our present foreign-born citizens of European extraction, not including those importations of recent years, are among the best of Americans! They ought to be willing, they are willing, to join in excluding the classes of immigrants against whom the remonstrance of all true Americans is now being expressed.

The United States is a country of high wages, and it is to be hoped for the sake of prosperity and the character of its legal voters, that it will long remain a republic of high wages.

And finally what does immigration really do for us? In densest ignorance, it decides our elections! Practically it disenfranchises the lawful voter, and renders possible a future degradation of the federal government. It furnishes to the selfish employer a way to greater gain. It impels to strikes, to riots, and to bloodshed, those whose daily bread it threatens to take away by unfair competition. Coming with mistaken, distorted ideas of the country, the immigrant meets with conditions as unfavorable perhaps, as he has left. He must live, and to live he must work, commit crime or become a public charge.

One argument which may be presented by my opponent is, that the United States has made laws forbidding criminals to come here, and as long as they are prohibited, that is all the restriction that is needed. Our laws excluding criminals are not sufficiently far-reaching, and do not afford to our country the required protection. Tens of thousands of immigrants are admitted to our country who do not intend to make it their home and become citizens. They do not acknowledge the jurisdiction of our country. When arrested they claim leniency, because they are citizens of foreign powers. The Anarchistic riot in Chicago, and New Orleans' experience with the Mafia exemplify the statement.

Again my able opponent may ask you what would this country do if it were not for the immigrants. And I ask you what would this country be if it were not for our forefathers, who crossed the wide Atlantic years ago? But, do you think the pioneers who opened our forests and settled our country, can be compared with those of the present day?

I call upon you to heed the appeal that comes to us from every school of medicine, from every chamber of commerce, from every board of trade, from every board of health, from every labor union, and from the fireside of every laborer, petitioning for a national law which will protect the United States from an invasion of its most deadly enemy—cholera—and secure to our children that birth-right for which our forefathers fought and died—American Independence. And this law must be a "Restriction of Immigration."

[THE CITIZEN assumes that Mr. Gannon speaks merely as an advocate in the views which are presented below. His arguments are tersely put, but the principle he advocates is pernicious. We cannot draw lines of demarcation between European immigrants. If we admit the inhabitants of one country we must admit those of all. The Poles, Bohemians, Hungarians, etc., have just as good a right to come here in swarms now as the Irish, the Germans and the Scandinavians had a generation ago, and the Dutch and English in earlier times. It is nonsense to infer that the country is over-crowded. The population of Illinois, for example, is about 4,000,000 and the area of the state is the same as that of England and Wales, within a comparatively few square miles. Yet England and Wales contain some 30,000,000 of people. Mr. Gannon, as he grows older, will not be as much in love with diluted Knownothingism as he seems to be at present. Cholera is a great evil, and no precaution that can be taken against it should be omitted; but, supposing that America had put up the barriers when Irish immigrants were dying by the thousand of the terrible typhus fever, in the 40s, what would have become of millions of the race who are now happy and prosperous American citizens? THE CITIZEN publishes Mr. Gannon's eloquent remarks with pleasure, but does not indorse his views.—ED.]

OBITUARY.

MISS MOLLIE L. MOLONEY.

It is a melancholy duty to announce this week the death of Miss Mollie L. Moloney, whiched occurred at her residence, No. 293 Centre avenue. The deceased passed away peacefully at 1:30 p.m. on the 4th inst., at the early age of 20 years, after a two weeks illness borne with Christian fortitude and comforted by the sacraments of the Catholic church. The funeral occurred on Thursday morning, April 6, from the residence to the Holy Family church, which was filled with mourners. High mass of requiem was celebrated by Father Wineman, with Fathers Settero and Cornell as assistants. Father Wineman preached the obituary sermon, in which he dwelt at length on the piety which had distinguished the deceased during life. He also made fitting reference to the recent bereavements of the family—the father, mother, only brother, and three sisters having all been summoned to that land where sorrow is unknown, "Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." All present were deeply affected, particularly the five surviving sisters of the deceased, who are left to mourn her untimely death. At the conclusion of the services the remains were reborne to the hearse, followed by the sisters and immediate relatives of the family. An immense cortege escorted the remains to Calvary cemetery, where they were laid to rest in the family lot. W.

JOHN E. PRENDERGAST.

John E. Prendergast, father of ex-Judge Richard Prendergast, died Wednesday evening at the residence of his son, No. 534 Jackson boulevard. The immediate cause of his death was a blood clot in the heart. Mr. Prendergast had been ill for a month past, and his death was not unexpected. He was 73 years of age and came to Chicago in 1865. During most of his residence in Chicago he had been engaged in the grocery business, from which he retired two years ago. He was known to a wide circle of friends as a man of great uprightness of character. The funeral services took place Friday morning at 10 o'clock in St. Jarlath's church, corner of Jackson boulevard and Hermitage avenue.

THOMAS ELEBERT.

Mr. Thomas Elebert, a well known and esteemed resident of this city, died of pneumonia recently at his residence, No. 89 Fremont street. Few of his many friends were aware of his demise, so brief was his illness. Stricken down in the full vigor of his manhood, it will be many years before he is forgotten by his friends. Mr. Elebert was an employe of the Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad for the last twenty-one years. His death is a severe shock to his old coworkers, with whom he came in contact daily. His genial smile and cheerful words will be sadly missed, for his presence was like a ray of sunshine in their midst. Mr. Elebert was an exemplary Catholic all his life, and his sincere, humble spirit endeared him to all the members of his church. Although they shall never see him in his accustomed place, the congregation of St. Vincent's church will not forget to mention in prayer the name of one who labored so hard to make the parish what it is today. The funeral was under the direction of Court Hancock, No. 128, I.O.F., of which the deceased was a member. The services at the church were very impressive and the remains were accompanied to their last resting place by a host of sorrowing friends and a number of prominent railroad associates of the deceased. K.C.

THE IRISH PEOPLE.

Their Descendant and Friends in the United States and Canada.

[*To the Editor.*]

QUEENSTOWN, Ireland, March 16.—*Dear Sir:* Kindly use your powerful influence with the Irish people, their descendants and friends, resident in the United States and Canada, to have them mark all their letters and papers to Europe VIA QUEENSTOWN, IRELAND, and thereby frustrate the attempt that is now being made to drop Ireland out of the principal European mail route, to the detriment of many thousands of her working classes and traders. Faithfully yours, C. G. DORAN.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BAY OF SLIGO.

"The wind shakes up the fleecy clouds
To kiss the ruddied morn,
And from their awful misty shrouds
The mountains are new-born:
The sea lies fresh with open eyes:
Night-fears and moaning dreams,
Brooding like clouds on nether skies,
Have sunk below, and beams
Dance on the floor, like golden flies,
Or strike with joyful gleams
Some white-winged ship, wandering star
Of ocean, piloting afar."

The first gray dawn of a September morning was beginning to break over the bay of Sligo. By degrees the lofty surrounding hills had come forth ghostlike from the gray shroud of mist which enveloped them; by degrees the dark-rolling clouds, which had warred furiously over the broad heaven during the wild night of thunder, lightning and rain, had diminished their forces, until at length none of them remained save a few gigantic nimbi, the survivors of the elemental battle, which now, crowned with a crimson coronal of victory by the rising sun, moved in a solemn march of triumph across the deep blue firmament.

Out from the mist came slowly the features of the picturesque landscape, in which the wild and savage of nature was curiously blended with the serene and cultivated—out they came slowly and steadily, until the tossing breakers caught the morning light on their white crests, and the towering mountains raised their summits boldly and distinctly against the glowing eastern sky.

In the crimson dawning light every rugged cliff and mountain along the romantic coast of Sligo seemed to have the memory of its own historic association or weird legend clinging around it like a spell, and to be haunted by the shades of the valorous chieftains who frequented those shores in the days of old—though, indeed, at all ages, since the remote time when the prows of the magic Tuatha de Danaans grated on its pebbly shore to the modern year when the mysterious Jacknel appeared and vanished, Flying Dutchman-like, on its water, the bay of Sligo has had a more than ordinary share of celebrity.

To the northeast arose in rugged grandeur the famed mountain known to the Elizabethan geographers as "the high hill of Binbolbin, where yearlie timbereth a falcon esteemed the hardiest in Ireland"—hoary, magnificent Binbulbin! sacred to the Ossianic lay, on whose side the valorous Diarmuid panted out his life, while Fionn watched in gloomy elation the death throes of Grainne's hapless champion; and around whose base clashed for centuries the blades of the contending hosts of Connacht and Tirconnell. Stretching from this celebrated hill to the sea lay the fertile plain of ancient Machaire Eabha, once the territory of "O'Scannaill of the sweet mouth," sprinkled over with remarkable sites; among which may be instanced Cuildreimne, where was fought the bloody "battle of the book" that drove Columbkille into exile; and Lissadill, where the irritable son of song, Murray O'Daly, slew with his axe Finn O'Brolloghan, the *aes graidh* or steward of O'Donnell More O'Donnell—which event drove the rash bard a fugitive through Ireland. Out in the ocean to the north of this plain, its iron precipices hurling back in foam the white waves of the Atlantic, lay the lonely island of Inishmurray, once the sacred retreat of St. Dicholla and his monks, and the first part of the West to witness the descent of the voracious Danish ravens. To the southward, beyond Oyster Island—which Cromwell's settling agents would plant, like Coney Island, with families from New England—and beyond Bishop Bron's lonely ruined church on the shore of Cuil-Iorra, rose the lofty sides of Knocknarea, crowned with its conspicuous cairn, the Miosgan Meidhbhe; and further off in the misty distance to the east appeared Slieve-da-en, or the mountain of the two birds, while the long, irregular ridge of Sliave Ghamh stretched away obliquely in gray perspective to the west.

The low-lying hills and dales, the rushing, impetuous streams, and the sweeping belts of dark, silent wood as yet lay in cold, sombre shadow, and a raw and chilly wind was wailing in low, dreary monotone around the coast.

On a large tongue of land projecting into Sligo Bay was posted a party of the Irish insurgents. The tongue of land alluded to is a remarkable one. It was anciently called Ros Ceide, and is now known as the Rosses. In the middle of thirteenth century it was the scene of a bloody battle between Celt and Saxon, in which the heroic Godfrey O'Donnell, of Tirconnell, engaged Maurice Fitzgerald, the founder of Sligo Abbey, hand-to-hand, and gave him his death stroke, receiving himself a wound from the effects of which he died while borne on a bier at the head of his clansmen at the fight of Lough Swilly. The old walls of the church of Creadran-kille mark the site of the main conflict, and it was in the shadow of this venerable ruin that the Irish soldiers were congregated.

The cause of their being thus posted remains to be explained. All through the long hours of the stormy autumn night they had been attentively watching two large ships which lay within the bay, where they had cast anchor the previous day—two rakish-looking, black hulled vessels, whose appearance boded no good to the Irish cause in Sligo. As yet the vigil of the night picket had been unrewarded with any remarkable results.

"No movement as yet," exclaimed the officer in command. "I scarcely thought those sharks would wait the daylight to carry out whatever black work they have on hand. Well, by the bones of Dathi, this is lucky. Let the rascals but wait till the sun comes dancing over Binbulbin, and they'll find their design shall run foul."

The speaker was the redoubtable sergeant major of the Sligo regiment, Teige Reagh O'Dowda, of Castletown, at the mouth of the Easky river, on the Sligo coast, one of the bravest, most energetic and most determined of the insurgent officers of Connaught. He it was who supplied the troops in North Connacht with powder. In O'Conor Sligo's force he ranked next to Lieut-Col. McDonogh; for the rank of sergeant-major was a more important one in the Irish army than we might opine nowadays.

"Had we even one poor piece of ordnance," continued O'Dowda, "those craft yonder would keep a respectful distance, or have their sides plugged; but luck is against us there. All we can do is to watch and wait, and see what clear daylight may bring us. So hurry up, old Grian, and give us another good look at the foe."

With this address to the coming sun he wrapped himself closer in his large cloak and settled himself more comfortably on his seat, which was by no means a soft one, consisting as it did of a fallen fragment of the crumbling wall of the old church.

"Now, O'Tracy, my heart, pass me the flask;—there's nothing like usquebaugh to drive the ice out of one's stomach—nothing save love, or joy, or revenge. Well, here's success to the cause—*slainte!*"

"*Slainte*, sergeant-major."

"And now, my friend, please give me the details of the last rampage of Hamilton's into those parts—that is, what occurred about a fortnight ago; for I was away in my own place at the time—plague on my bad luck, say I."

The sergeant-major and Edmund sat apart from the rest of the men, who were gathered around the red glowing embers of a small fire, forming a picturesque group worthy of the pencil of Salvator Rosa.

"The story is easily told, sad though it be," said our hero: "the Albanach wolves eluded our vigilance again in one of their night gallops, and blazing cabins and dead bodies marked their course through Carbery. But, heaven be praised! they got as good as they gave when we met them fairly, musket to musket and pike to pike. Our slaughtered innocents were avenged, and—ha, the signal."

As the report of a musket discharged by a sentinel on the shore was borne on the chill morning air, all started to their feet and hurried to the beach, gazing whence they soon perceived the cause of the alarming shot. The two suspicious vessels had put out their boats, which were pulling rapidly for Oyster Island.

"Ho, fire the beacon," commanded O'Dowda; "our boys in Sligo are on the alert. Ready the boats, and let us get afloat at once; the sea is rather rough, but we must weather it."

His orders were quickly obeyed. On the highest part of the promontory sprang up a bright tongue of flame, warning the people of Sligo of the events afoot. The soldiers proceeded to launch two large boats. The heavy breakers made this a matter of much difficulty, but perseverance triumphed, and very soon the two boats, each well filled with armed men, were pitching, toiling and straining among the white surges.

"Pull for the Oyster Island," shouted shouted O'Dowda; and the oars, pulled by strong arms, rose and fell with good time and regularity, driving the boats onward, plunging, through the green water.

"Well done, Sligo!" exclaimed Edmund O'Tracy. "See, there goes the answering signal."

He pointed to a pale point of light, surmounted by a dark column of smoke, visible far away on the coast toward Sligo. At the same time several lurid tongues of fire sprang up on Oyster Island, showing that its invaders were already busy in their work of plunder. At this spectacle cries of anger and vengeance arose from the men in the two boats, and the sturdy oarsmen bent them to their oars with fresh energy.

"*Monuar* for the poor people yonder!" ejaculated O'Dowda; "those pirates are playing the devil;—heaven send us in time to stop their pranks. *M'anam an diaoul* but the roofs of the poor calins are all afire. There go the blazes—there, and there, and there. Stretch to it, *ma bouchals*; stretch to it, for life or death."

The beads of sweat were rolling down the rugged cheeks of the oarsmen, but gallantly they tugged and strained at the huge oars.

"Hallo!—look there!" cried O'Tracy, pointing towards an old castle on the mainland, around which was visable a large multitude of people, all moving hither and thither as if in great excitement; while further off, in a gorge between the hill, glittered the arms and accoutrements of a large party of soldiers, horse and foot.

"Hamilton's Albanachs, I'll stake my life on it!" exclaimed the sergeant-major, indicating the latter force, "and yonder are our friends, the O'Donnells and O'Gallaghers of Donegal. What a pretty bout there shall be presently!"

Even as he spoke the scattered reports of muskets were faintly borne over the water, as the contending parties on shore closed in deadly strife. The engagement lasted not long until the Puritan troops were seen retiring among the hills, still harassed by the victorious Ulstermen. At this last stage of the fight O'Dowda's men sent up a lusty cheer, which was echoed from the shore. And still on sped the two boats through the angry water.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Coe Dubh.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

"Tarr leat, tarr leat, deun deifir," ar sé le h-inghin an righ, "agus fágfamaoid an áit seo."

"Nár chóir duit," air aise, do phóca do lionadh leis an ór sin i dtosach."

"Ni'l aon am againn," ar sé, "acht béarfamaoid beagán de linn." Lion sé a phócaidh le h-ór agus le clocbaibh uaisle, agus lion an óigbhean a h-áprún, agus d'imthigh siad amach le chéile agus chuir scíacan glas air an doras mar bhi sé, agus rith siad leo chomh luath agus d'fhoud siad. Bhi an oidhche ag tuitim 'san am so, agus bhi na speurtha ag dorchughadh agus ni raibh fhios aca cad é an bealach budh cóir dóibh imtheacht, acht budh cuma leo sin dá bhfeuhfadh siad an uaigh áidhbheul sin d'fágbháil 'nna ndiaigh.

Rith siad agus rith siad go raibh siad sáruighthe, agus 'r éis do bheith ag siúbhal le trí no ceithre uaire chualaidh siad gothanna ndaoine agus do luidh siad síos annsan bhfeur, áir eagla go bhfeicfidhe iad. Ni raibh aon t-solas ann, acht an méad do bhi ag na reultaibh, acht chonnaire siad sgáile seacht bhfear ag gabhail trasna na machaire, agus d'aithnigh siad glór an chaiptin go maith, agus bhi sé ag rádh, "béidh siad socair nuair thiocfamaoid a bhaile agus muna bhfuilid, béarfamaoid an bata dhóibh; damnughadh uaim! acht deunfaidh me bean dam féin de'n chailin." Thainig crith air an ógmhaoi nuair chualaidh siad an bitheamhnach ag labhairt, agus b'éigin do Ghoillis a lámh a chur air a beul air eagla go leigfeadh sí agread no glór aisti. D'fhan siad 'nna luidhe san bhfeur go raibh na fir sin uile imthighthe thart, agus ann sin d'éirigh siad agus dubhairt Goillis, "Tá siad-san dul abhaile do'n uaigh, agus má théidhmid air ár n-aghaidh annsan mbóthar as a dtáinig siad-san béidhmid ag fágbháil na h-áite gránna so 'nn ar ndiaigh." Dubhairt an bhean óg go m-b'fhior dó é, agus chuaidh siad aira n-aghaidh 'san m-bóthar sin agus lean siad d'á suibhal air feadh na h-oidhche, agus nuair d'éirigh an mhaidin dubhairt Goillis go raibh siad céig mile deug no fiche mile ó'n áit 'nna a raibh na robáilidhe.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

DILEAGRADH

Do labhradh leis an Saol P. O'Domhnaill ag Feis-ceoil Comains na Gaedhilge a New York air an aonmhadh la deug Abrain, 1893.

A Shaoi Uachdarain, a Mhná Uaisle agus a Shaoithe—Támuid ann bhur láthair a rís chum teangan agus ceoil ar d-tiro do mhóradh agus do ghlórughadh. Air feadh nios mó 'na dá bhliadhan deug ni raibh stad ná cosg air an g-Cumann so a d-taoibh na h-oibre do bhi aige air láimh, eadhan, aithbheoghadh teangan, ceoil, agus nós ar sinnsear saor.

Ni bh-fuil ar n-obair gan toradh, óir tá muintir na h-Eireann 'na m-baile 's a g-céin ag tabhairt fá deara gur mealladh iad 'san aimsir chuaidh thart le daoinibh éigin a d-taoibh na neitheadh ba riachtanach dhóibh dá m-beidheadh aon dóchas aca le bheith saor go deo, nó aon dóchas le bheith faoi mbeas ag cineadhchaibh saora an domhain. Chidhid anois gurab éigin dóibh, ma's mian leo aon líde dóchais saoirse do bheith aca go d-tí deire an domhain, a d-teanga 'gus a g-ceol do shaoradh ó dheasmud; óir is comhartha cinnte iad gur muintir fá leith sinn, agus go bh-fuil ceart againn le bheith saor.

Ná cailleamaois dóchas de bhrigh nach bh-fuil ar muintir chó tabhartha a d-taoibh foghlumtha a d-teangan agus a g-ceoil a's ba chóir dóibh a bheith. Tá siad fós faoi chumas droch-theagasg na laetheadh chuaidh thart. Is mall duisighid daoine thár éis fad-shuain; acht tá na h-Eireannuighe d'a n-ddúchd faoi dheire, agus tosuighid le feicsin nios soilléire gach aon lá gurab éigin dóibh a d-teanga do shaoradh agus a g-ceol do chleachtadh muna bh-fuil mian leo do bheith faoi mhimheas agus faoi mhíonóir go deo.

Tá deagh ádhbhar againn le bheith sásta leis an obair atá deunta air son sean teangan na n-Gaedheal. Tá daoine na h-Alban ag cuidughadh linn 'san obair, agus tá siad ag deunamh a n-dithchill chum a g-canamhna féin do leathnughadh. Tá an Ghaedhilig d'a teagasg anois a leath-cheud sgoilibh tíoramhla a n-Eirinn. Tá na sgoildiridhe is foghlomtha a mór-thir na h-Eorpa d'a foghluim; agus tá sean gióir na nGaedheal, a d-teanga, a g-ceol, a nósa, a stair agus a miniughadh, ag fághail stuidéir agus aire ó éigsibh an domhain.

Cuimhnigidh gurab le h-Eirinn atámuid ag oibriughadh ins an g-cáis so, óir tá sí fós faol throm-ualach anshóigh agus bróin. Ni'l aon nidh deuntar san tir so timcheall teangan agus ceoil na h-Eireann nach tugas meisneach agus dóchas do na daoinibh 'sa m-baile. Chidhid nach n-deunann sinn dearmud air an tir ann a rugadh sinn; agus má tá grádh againn air an tir mhóir so ann a bh-fuilmid, agus má támuid lán fior dí, nar chailleamar fós, agus nach g-caillfimid go deo, ár ngrádh air an oiléan o'r fhásamar, nó ann a bh-faiccamar air d-tús solus an lae.

Following is a literal translation of the above, in which the idioms of the Irish are, as far as possible, retained:

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY MR. P. O'DONNELL AT THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY IN NEW YORK, ON THE ELEVENTH DAY OF APRIL, 1893.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: We are in your presence once more to magnify and glorify the language and music of our country. For more than twelve years there has been neither stop nor stay on this society about the work it had on hand, namely, the resuscitation of the language, music and customs of our free forefathers.

Our work has not been without fruits, for the people of Ireland at home and abroad are aware that they were deceived in times gone bye by certain men about the things necessary for them, should they ever have any hope of freedom, or any hope to be respected by the free nations of the earth. They see now that it is necessary for them, if they desire to entertain any vestige of hope of liberty to the end of the world, to save their language and music from oblivion; for they are sure indications that we are a people apart, and that we have a right to be free.

Let us not lose hope because our people are not so devoted in the matter of learning their language and their music as they should be. They are still under the influence of the false teaching of bygone days. It is slowly that people waken after a heavy sleep; but the Irish are awakening at last, and they are beginning to see more clearly every day that it is necessary for them to save their language and to practice their music, unless they desire to be under dishonor forever.

We have good cause to be satisfied with the work that is done on account of the old tongue of the Gael. The people of Scotland are aiding us in the work, and they are doing their best to spread their own dialect (of Gaelic.) The Irish language is now taught in fifty of the national schools of Ireland. The most learned scholars of continental Europe are learning it; and the old glory of the Gaels, their language, their music, their customs, their history and their civilization are receiving study and attention from the learned of the world.

Remember ye that it is for Ireland we are working in this cause, for she is still under a heavy load of misfortune and sorrow. There is not anything that is done in this country about her language and music that does not give courage and hope to the people at home. They see that we do not forget the country in which we were born; and that if we love this great country in which we are, and that if we are fully true to it, we have not yet lost, and never will lose, our love for the island from which we have sprung, or in which we first saw the light of day.

Make Haste to Defend Yourself

If you live in a locality where malaria is prevalent, with a preventive that experience indicates as the most reliable of medical safeguards—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Entirely free from the objections—and they were valid ones—which attach to the mineral alkaloid quinine, it is far more effective, and its effects are not evanescent, but lasting, unlike those of the drug. There are portions of our land—and none more beautiful and more fertile—which at no season of the year are entirely exempt from the malarial scourge. In such regions Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has undergone a continuous test for the past forty years, with results which have established its reputation beyond all cavil as a special defense against every form of malarial disease. For biliousness, also, it is an acknowledged specific, and it is a potent remedy for constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatism an and impoverished condition of the blood.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and purmanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

A WEALTHY BAREFOOT BOY.

A Physician's Son Who Goes Stockingless Summer and Winter.

The indignation of the passengers on a western Maryland railroad train was somewhat unnecessarily excited near Baltimore by the unusual spectacle of a richly clad boy of five or six years, whose legs and feet were perfectly bare, although the winter morning was a cold one. The child was accompanied by his mother and sister, both of whom were richly dressed, and the sudden conclusion was formed by the passengers that the family had spent so much money in wraps, dresses and coverings for the bodies and shoulders of the elders that nothing had been left wherewith to provide a protection from the inclemency of the weather for the boy's extremities.

The appearance and conduct of the three, which indicated culture, wealth and, on the part of the mother, parental solicitude for the welfare of her offspring, and on the part of the boy perfect content and comfort and apparent obliviousness to the fact that his feet and ankles were bare, hardly seemed to accord with the hastily formed suspicion of the curious spectators. On inquiry it was ascertained that the boy was the son of a prominent physician who had lost one child after another with throat diseases until he hit upon the idea of turning his children out barefooted, as children went before stockings and shoes, which retain the moisture of the foot and the moisture of the ground, were invented.

The physician's experiment proved to be a perfect success. The barefooted boy was the picture of health. At Union station he ran up the cold boards and ice covered bricks laughing and singing and totally unaware of any discomfort. By adopting the barefoot method the Maryland physician has succeeded in raising a family of healthy boys and girls. Winter and summer his children of both sexes have gone shoeless and stockingless. People look on with curiosity and amazement, but the doctor is perfectly satisfied with the results.

Indian mothers made their babies hardy by plunging them in the ice covered streams. Physicians of today say that the best remedy for cold feet is to plunge them into cold water. The warmth, comfort and exhilaration which come from the attraction of the blood to the extremities exceed any physical delight to be extracted from toasting one's toes at the open fire, the register or the steam radiator. It seems to be Mother Nature's way of teaching us that we must endure before we enjoy and that the greatest joy comes through endurance.—Baltimore American.

Smoking Not So Dangerous After All.

The coroner of St. Louis has "knocked out" one superstition of the doctors and explains himself thus:

I think I have knocked one superstition completely out. This is the belief that inveterate smoking causes heart disease. Out of a total of 460 deaths due to heart trouble that have come under my observation during the last two years, only two of the victims were regular smokers. Drink caused the largest portion of those diseases, and so the deaths. Fifteen years ago, when I was back in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, a doctor told me that I would be a dead man within two years unless I quit smoking. My heart was affected, he said, and the tobacco, by increasing the organ's movement, aggravated the malady.

Six years ago that same physician passed through this city on the way to Colorado for his health. He was almost a complete wreck, and his heart was in a very bad state. I happened to meet him, and almost the first thing he said was, "You quit smoking long ago, I suppose." "Well, scarcely," I replied. "I smoke now on an average twenty-five cigars a day and never felt better in my life." You never saw such an astonished man in your life. To make a long story short, I got that man to smoke a cigar, and before the morning was over he had smoked five. Tobacco put him on the up road to health again, and he is living yet.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Rolling an Empty Barrel.

One of the interesting spectacles of the streets adjacent to the great markets of this town is the feats of barrel rolling performed by predatory boys, mostly Italians. It may seem an easy thing to roll a barrel along a crowded sidewalk, without doing aught that shall bring down the disapproval of the police, but it isn't. The Italian gleaner tips his barrel, open end up, at an angle of thirty degrees or less, and whirls it along by deft touches with one hand at the inner edge of the rim. A barrel thus treated by a clever lad can be sent along for blocks with only an occasional touch from the other hand. Even at curbs and crossings the skillful roller keeps his barrel going with one hand. There is never a collision with the ordinarily careful pedestrian, and the line of advance, when the pavement is clear, is straight as the crow flies.—New York Sun.

The Blue Color of the Sky.

The blue color of the sky is probably merely the color of the air seen through a length of about forty-five miles. It has been observed by those who have ascended about five miles above the earth's surface that the sky appears of a dark, inky hue, owing to the very small reflection and dispersion of the light, while the blue color no longer appears above, but below them. Similarly the blue color of distant hills is owing to the same cause. Del Mecr believed that were it possible for a man to ascend to a height of ten miles he would find himself in total darkness, even though it were bright noonday on the earth below him.—St. Louis Republic.

Pitiful Paragraphs.

Nothing in the newspapers is more pitiful than the constantly recurring paragraphs which contain the last letters of a suicide. The pathos of them is not obscured by the absurd inadequacy of the reasons which they only too often advance for self destruction.—Boston Globe.

Feeing Waiters.

"Women are accused of being inclined to meanness in the matter of feeing waiters," commented a woman recently, "but I think perhaps those who are take their cue from a meanly inclined husband or brother. On a dining car recently a man sat opposite me who ate stolidly through the courses of the dollar dinner, had a bottle of apollinaris opened for him and left five cents by his plate when he had done. The waiter pointedly allowed the nickel to remain until every dish had been removed, undoubtedly hoping that the persons at the adjacent tables would see the small coin before, with an indescribable flip, he pocketed it.

"Not long ago I saw a man in a New York restaurant tuck a five dollar bill in the waiter's hand at the beginning of a luncheon he was ordering for his party of two ladies and himself. This seemed to me as bad in its way as the five cent fee. We Americans do not take kindly to the fee system. It is contrary to the principles of our institutions, but it is apparently beyond control, and we women with the rest must accept, if in moderation. Among my women friends I find no general rule in regard to the matter. One woman whom I consider rather fast doesn't fee 'because it's vulgar;' another who is proverbially extravagant, because she 'can't afford it;' still another, because the waiter won't expect it from a woman, and so on. I've seen a rich woman leave five cents and a poor one leave fifty cents. A favorite practice when several women are lunching together is to divide the fee, each contributing an equal part. Men, I believe, never do this, though I don't see why it isn't a sensible notion."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

The Black Hole of Middle Mountain.

Up until about the middle of April, 1890, the "Black hole of Middle mountain" was one of the best known of Virginia's natural curiosities, the natural bridge of course always excepted. The Black hole was a natural well about twenty feet in diameter, situated at the foot of Middle mountain on the farm of A. H. Slitlington, in Pocahontas county. It was of unknown depth and locally believed to be poisonous from the fact that cattle, horses and other animals in common refused to drink of the water although almost famishing from thirst. Black hole has been known since at least 100 years before the opening of the Revolutionary war, and was given the name it bore because its waters looked as black as ink, even though the eyes of the beholder were not more than two feet distant from its surface. When dipped out by the cup, pail or barrelful it appeared as clear as crystal, the original coal black appearance being a phenomenon never satisfactorily accounted for.

Black hole, which had stood with its waters at a uniform level for two centuries of white man's history (during which time the water line had never in the least been affected by flood or drought), suddenly disappeared. One Varner, who lives on the Slitlington farm, was the first to discover and announce what was considered a neighborhood calamity. He had gone to salt the cattle which usually congregated in the shade around the brink of the pool, and was amazingly astonished to find that the old "bottomless well" had suddenly become a thing of the past. Its waters had been mysteriously drained, and its sides had fallen in.—St. Louis Republic.

Small Opera Glasses For Men.

"Do I carry my eyeglasses in my inside pocket? No, my boy; you ain't on. That's the only trouble with you," said Eugene Fiske of New York at the Southern just before putting on his Inverness to go to the theater. "It's the proper thing in New York, among people who know anything, to carry the smallest opera glasses that are made, and to have them attached to a cord about the neck, very much resembling an eyeglass guard. That's what made you think I carried my eyeglasses in the inside pocket of my coat. What's the idea? Oh, the glasses are usually a present from some lady friend, and as a man is likely to leave them behind him he shows his appreciation of the gift and the giver by wearing them so that it is impossible to go off and forget them. Great scheme, isn't it?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SUNSHINE comes, no matter how dark the clouds are, when the woman who is borne down by woman's troubles turns to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If her life is made gloomy by the chronic weaknesses, delicate derangements, and painful disorders that afflict her sex, they are completely cured. If she's overworked, nervous, or "run-down," she has new life and strength.

"Favorite Prescription" is a powerful, invigorating tonic and a soothing and strengthening nervine, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and vigor. For every "female complaint" and disturbance, it is the only remedy so sure and unfailing that it can be guaranteed.

If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

CONSUMPTION
SURELY CURED.

To THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address.
Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C.,
No. 183 Pearl Street, New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

IT IS AMICABLY SETTLED

Big Strike at the World's Fair Peacefully Ended.

BOTH SIDES MAKE CONCESSIONS

The Union Men Gain a Minimum Rate of Wages and Some Special Privileges, While the Exposition Wins in Its Contention That There Shall Be No Discrimination Between Union and Non Union Workmen—Dock Laborers Trouble at Hull, England.

CHICAGO, April 11.—Twelve hours saw the beginning and the peaceful ending of a strike at the World's fair Monday that involved all union workmen within the gates, to the number of 5,000 or more, and imperiled the successful opening of the exposition. The settlement satisfied the laborers and the exposition authorities and was effected in a conference that lasted nearly all day, with short intervals for consultation on both sides. By its terms the union men gain a minimum rate of wages, are allowed passes for their delegates, with the privilege of entering the grounds and talking with their tradesmen at any time. The exposition gains its contention that no discrimination should be made as between union and non-union men.

More Than 5,000 Men Went Out.

According to figures furnished by contractors themselves, between 5,000 and 6,000 men struck. Of this number 1,800 were carpenters, from 500 to 1,000 were painters, 400 were electrical workers, and the others were cornice-workers, plasterers, cement workers, architectural iron workers, fresco painters, glaziers, hod-carriers, gravel roofers, steam-fitters and machinists.

At the Labor Headquarters.

There was general rejoicing on "labor row" when word was received that the strike had been settled. Representatives of nearly all the trades were at the headquarters of the Building Trades council early in the evening, and numerous groups discussed the situation at Jackson park. Among them were several business agents of the council, who had been detailed to transact the regular business about the city. When 10 o'clock came and no word was received from the grounds the feeling became pretty general that a long-drawn fight was ahead, and there were many expressions of regret in consequence.

Received the News with Joy.

A few minutes past 11 o'clock some one telephoned the glad tidings that the men would return to work Tuesday morning, whereupon every one joined in the general jollification. During the long wait no word was uttered against the exposition, and when the men began to depart for their homes it was with the general approval of the words of one brawny workman, who said: "Let us all now turn in and make the fair success worthy the great city we live in."

Back to Work Again.

All the men who were out on strike reported for work Tuesday morning, but a heavy rain rendered outdoor work impossible. A large force was put to work in the interior of the big building, however, and the work of clearing up the debris around the grounds went on. If the rain should cease by Wednesday morning a larger force than ever will be put on and the buildings will be rushed to completion.

SITUATION AT HULL.

Gloomy Outlook for the Striking Dock Laborers—Non-Unionists Stoned.

LONDON, April 11.—The situation in Hull is quite gloomy for the strikers and to judge from present indications the shipping federation will win in its struggle to employ such men, union or non-union, as its members please. Four hundred additional non-union men arrived in Hull Tuesday to take the places of unionists who had quit work. They were at once placed at work. There are now altogether 2,000 non-unionists at work on the docks and it is thought that no assaults will be made upon them, as they are protected by dragoons and policemen. Most strikers see their chances of winning daily becoming less. They evince a decidedly ugly feeling, but with the precautions already taken further riotous demonstrations about the wharves are not apprehended. The union men, however, attempt to create disturbances in other parts of the town.

Stoned a Train Containing Non-Unionists.

Tuesday morning as a train conveying a number of "blacklegs," as the strikers term them, was entering the town it was stoned by a number of men who had ensconsed themselves along the railway embankment. Beyond the smashing of windows of the coaches no damage was done. When the train had passed the mob dispersed and when the police arrived on the scene the line was formed. The firms in Hull engaged in the timber carrying trade, who, since the beginning of the strike have let their vessels remain idle, announce that unless their employes resume work at once other men will be engaged to fill their places. The members of the shipping federation express themselves as confident of beating the strikers. The riotous acts of the latter have done much to destroy public sympathy. Any further attempt at rioting will be promptly suppressed by the police, who are vigilant.

The Santa Fe Machinists' Strike.

TOPEKA, Kan., April 11.—There were many more men at work in the locomotive shops of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railway Tuesday than Monday, and now the work is progressing with very little inconvenience on account of the strike. The men continue to follow the policy of secrecy regarding their plans, but it is plainly evident that they are discouraged and that the backbone of the strike is broken. No conferences between the strikers and company officials have been held, and the latter will not consent to one except upon the understanding that it is for the purpose of arranging for the return of the men to work.

Tennessee Miners Preparing to Strike.

NASHVILLE, April 11.—It is quite generally conceded that there is a probability for further trouble in the mining districts in May. It is an open secret that there is a general strike in preparation to take effect May 1, and the state, civil and military authorities are preparing for another expected attack upon the convicts working in the mines.

Engineers to Ask Back Their Places.

TOLEDO, O., April 11.—The seven engineers and firemen on the Lake Shore who severed their connection with the road during the recent Ann Arbor strike, in refusing to handle the boycotted freight, will wait upon General Superintendent Canfil and ask to be reinstated. Should their reinstatement be refused, it is rumored that a general strike on the Lake Shore will result.

B. and O. Employes Organize.

GRAFTON, W. Va., April 11.—Representatives of the Baltimore and Ohio employes held a secret meeting here and appointed committees and passed resolutions toward the organization of a federation of the employes of that road.

SEIZED SPANISH POSSESSIONS.

Japan Said to Have Gobbled the Pelew Islands.

MADRID, April 11.—much excitement has been caused here by a dispatch to the effect that Japan has seized the Pelew islands, a group in the north Pacific, claimed to belong to Spain, 450 miles east of the Philippine islands, at the western extremity of the Caroline archipelago. The islands are claimed by the Spaniards by right of discovery. The governor of the Philippine islands has sent a cable dispatch asking for reinforcements, whether with the object of attacking the Japanese or not is not stated. The Pelew islands have about ten thousand inhabitants and are very fertile. Their situation between the Philippine islands and the Caroline islands, both Spanish colonies, is regarded as a sign that Japan intends to encroach on Spanish possessions in the Pacific. The affair may lead to grave difficulties between the two powers.

Victory for the Dubs Factions.

MAUCH CHUNK, Pa., April 11.—Judge Dreher, in the Carbon county court, has handed down a decree in which he refuses to make an order compelling the Dubs faction in the Evangelical association to divide the use of the churches in Mauch Chunk and Lehighton with the Bowmanites. These churches are now in possession of the Dubites.

PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATIONS.

The Chief Executive Fills Two Important Offices—Other Minor Ones.

WASHINGTON, April 11.—The president Tuesday sent the following nominations to the senate: State—Edward H. Strobel of New York, to be third assistant secretary of state, vice William M. Grinnell, resigned. Treasury—Daniel N. Morgan of Connecticut, to be treasurer of the United States, vice Enos H. Nebeker, resigned; Conrad N. Jordan of New York, to be assistant treasurer of the United States at New York city; vice Ellis H. Roberts, resigned. Justice—Henry V. Johnson of Colorado, to be attorney of the United States for the district of Colorado; Charles B. Bellinger of Oregon, to be United States district judge for the district of Oregon; William K. Reid of Utah, to be judge of probate in the county of San Petrie, territory of Utah. Interior—Daniel M. Browning of Illinois, to be commissioner of Indian affairs; Frank C. Armstrong of Washington, D. C., to be assistant commissioner of Indian affairs.

Fourth-Class Postmasterships Filled.

WASHINGTON, April 11.—The total number of fourth-class postmasters appointed Tuesday was 177. Of this number 114 were to fill vacancies caused by resignations and deaths, and sixty-three by removals. Of the postmasters removed fifty-four served four years and over.

Gave Whisky to a Little Child.

CHICAGO, April 11.—Charles Dougherty, a 6-year old boy, died in convulsions at his parents' home, 611 Ayers court, Evanston, Sunday night. His death, it is claimed, was caused by three glasses of whisky given him by Patrick Kelly, who was visiting at the house at the time. Kelly, it is said, came to the place intoxicated Sunday afternoon. He had a flask of whisky in his pocket. He poured out the liquor for the boy, it is charged, and gave it to him. The child became sick in a short time and died. A physician refused to issue a death certificate. Kelly disappeared and can not be found.

Signed Articles to Pummel Each Other.

LONDON, April 11.—Jim Hall and Frank P. Slavin met Monday and signed articles to box for the best purse offered, the contest to take place Derby week. Mitchell offered to back Hall to box Slavin before the Bolingbroke club for a £800 purse and £1,000 a side. Slavin was prepared to post £500 to box at the National club for £1,000 purse and £1,000 a side. Slavin's backers are members of the National club, while Hall's backers are Bolingbroke people, hence the split and the contest is open to any other clubs anywhere offering the best purse.

A Succession of "Shakes" in California.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., April 11.—Since last Tuesday there has been between forty and fifty earthquake shocks in Pico canon, near New Hall. Pico canon is in the San Fernando mountains and is the center of the oil region. Last Tuesday an earthquake, which was felt all over southern California, shook the houses in Pico canon very badly and frightened the inhabitants. Since then there has been several shocks every day, but these have been confined to a small era in the mountains.

Forced an Executive Session.

WASHINGTON, April 11.—The Democrats succeeded in forcing an executive session Tuesday morning in the face of a combined Republican opposition. As soon as the journal was read a motion to proceed in executive business was made by Gorman and was antagonized by Hoar. A vote was taken by yeas and nays; and the motion as carried—39 to 16—a strict party vote, Peffer voting with the Democrats.

A Medical Question.

Answers to the question, "At what period of the development of a tumor is its extirpation justifiable?" for a long time have been divided between early and late surgical intervention and non-intervention.—Popular Science Monthly.

A Diligent Pupil.

Teacher—I am glad to see you working so diligently at your writing lesson.

Little Boy—Yes'm; I want to get so I can write my own excuses.—Good News.

The Waste In Finger Nails.

The average person trims off the thirty-second part of an inch from each finger nail a week, or about 1½ inches every year. The average of human life all over the world is 40 years. There are 1,000,000,000 people in the world who therefore waste on an average 26,400 miles of finger nail in a generation.—St. Louis Republic.

IMPORTANT NOMINATIONS.

Names of Three Ministers and Several Consuls Sent In.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The president sent the following nominations to the senate Tuesday: James E. Ewing of Illinois to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Belgium; Thomas T. Crittenden of Missouri, to be consul general of the United States at the City of Mexico; Louis C. Hughes of Arizona, to be governor of Arizona; William T. Thornton of New Mexico, to be governor of New Mexico; William M. Muize of Ohio, to be surveyor of customs for the port of Columbus, O.

WASHINGTON, April 6.—The president sent the following nominations to the senate Thursday: Hannis Taylor of Alabama, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Spain; William Lochren of Minnesota, to be commissioner of pensions; Charles Edward Riggs of Iowa, to be an assistant surgeon in the navy. Postmasters: Frank L. Bills, Urbana, Ills.; Thomas B. Powell, Vienna, Ills.; Clarence M. Hawkins, Marion, Ind.; Royal E. Purcell, Vincennes, Ind.

WASHINGTON, April 7.—The president Friday sent the following nominations to the senate: Caleb W. West of Utah, to be governor of Utah; Dominick I. Murphy of Washington, to be first deputy commissioner of pensions; Ambrose W. Lyman, of Montana, to be collector of internal revenue for the district of Montana; David C. Brown of Montana, to be collector of customs for the district of Montana and Idaho, in the state of Montana.

WASHINGTON, April 10.—The president sent the following nominations to the senate Saturday: James B. Eustis of Louisiana, to be ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to France. August Belmont to be special financial agent of the navy department at London, England, vice Seligman Bros. The nomination of Mr. Eustis, who had already been confirmed as minister to France, is simply to raise the grade of the mission to an embassy to meet the corresponding change made in the French government in the case of its representatives at Washington.

BLOODY KENTUCKY AFFRAY.

Men Returning from a Dance Have a Quarrel and Stab and Shoot.

MARION, April 10.—A bloody tragedy occurred in this county Saturday night at Nunn's switch, on the Ohio Valley railroad. William King, Ben King, Phinny Moore and John Moore had been to a dance and were returning, and stopped at a grocery at Nunn's. Becoming involved in a difficulty, William King held John Moore and Ben King proceeded to stab Moore, inflicting two dangerous wounds in his side, one in the lung. At this juncture, Phinny Moore, brother of John Moore, came to his rescue and knocked King down. Then John Moore pulled his pistol and emptied its contents at the King's, one shot taking effect in William King's thigh and another in Ben's neck, both of which are serious. The probability is that John Moore will not recover. This fight is an outcropping of a feud of fifty years standing between the King and Moore families.

SUNDAY AT THE FAIR GROUNDS.

Work Progresses on That Day as Busily as Any Other—The Attendance.

CHICAGO, April 10.—Sunday has ceased to be a day of rest at the World's fair grounds. It is almost as busy as any other day. After three more Sundays the gates are to opened to the world, and no days can be lost. Sunday was, perhaps, the busiest day the park has known since that gang of Italian laborers went in to level off the grounds and was promptly driven out by a bigger gang of native workmen. That was about two years ago. There were lively scenes all over the grounds. Long trains of exhibits came rumbling into the grounds, workmen were busy in all the buildings and the park was thronged with visitors. The turnstiles showed a big attendance. When Captain Horace Elliot went around to all the gates just as the sun was dipping below Midway plaisance he learned that 11,904 people had paid to get into the park.

Chief Arthur Again Restrained.

CLEVELAND, April 10.—P. M. Arthur, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, was served Friday morning with another restraining order issued at Toledo by Judge Taft. It enjoins him from issuing any boycotting order against the Toledo, Ann Arbor and North Michigan railway and from inducing employes of connecting lines to discriminate against that line in any manner, pending further action in the United States circuit court.

Applicants for Consulships Diminishing.

WASHINGTON, April 10.—It is said at the state department that the number of applicants for consular positions has decidedly diminished in the last week. The cause is due to the fact that about every man who aspires for an office has filed his application, and the rest have abandoned the hope of carrying off the prize. Of the 400 consular appointments with salaries attached of over $1,500 there are at least 200 candidates for each place.

The Elections in Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE, April 10.—A second attempt to elect members of the general assembly was made in Pawtucket, Cranston, East Providence and North Kingstown Saturday. The Democrats were successful everywhere except in East Providence. The result makes the legislature a tie—forty-one Republicans and forty-one Democrats. Twenty-six seats remain to be filled.

Nebraska Legislature Adjourns.

LINCOLN, April 10.—At 9 o'clock Saturday night the two houses of the legislature adjourned sine die. The session just closed has been productive of more sensations in the manner of exposing alleged official corruption than any meeting of the legislature since Nebraska became a state.

Successor to Bishop Brooks.

BOSTON, April 10.—A meeting of the clergy and laity of the diocese of Massachusetts was held Friday to select a successor of Bishop Brooks. The Rev. Morgan Dix, D. D., rector of Trinity church, New York city, was declared to be the choice of the meeting.

Dive to a Depth of 196 Feet.

SEATTLE, Wash., April 10.—Captain John Christianson has made one of the deepest dives on record. He plunged into the waters of Elliot Bay, and after twenty minutes returned with the lead line and a bucket from one of the hatches of the tug Majestic lying at a depth at half flood tide of 196 feet. He apparently suffered no great inconvenience.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Items of General Interest Picked from Here and There.

The earnings of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad for March are $705,500, an increase over the same period of last year of $44,000. The earnings for nine months of this year are $7,133,606, an increase of $425,852.

The net gold balance in the treasury department, deducting the shipment of $1,500,000 made from New York, is $6,000,000.

The Florida Times-Union calls attention to the fact that there is a letter held for postage at the Lake Maitland office because the writer put on a Florida fertilizer inspection stamp in place of the new Columbian postage stamp, which is about the same size and color.

On the farm of M. A. Rabb of Brewton, Ala., there is said to be a peach tree that blossomed in December, has leaves out, and is now, he claims, full of young peaches, while not another tree on his place shows any sign of blooming.

The list of steamships which have used oil to calm unusually heavy seas is growing larger every month. The oil is towed in stout bags, which exude it slowly and evenly as the vessel moves.

Canton, China, exports 12,000,000 fans every year.

* * *

The Summer Glass company of Steubenville, O., has closed down indefinitely. A meeting will be held in a few days to decide whether to resume operations.

Joseph H. Miller, the oldest native newspaper man in New Jersey, died in Newark of pneumonia.

Captain Ernest Cucullu, who was an aid-de-camp on the staff of General Kirby Smith, and who was intrusted with the last official Confederate order of the war from General Smith to General Canby at New Orleans, was present at his old chief's funeral.

William Padberg, 70 years old, died without medical attendance in a lodging house in Brooklyn. He is said to have possessed over $100,000 worth of property on Eastern parkway.

A young Norwegian named Knud R. Knumson, has left Bridgeport, Conn., in a rowboat bound for the World' fair.

The acreage of tobacco will be from 18 to 20 per cent. less than it was last year. Prices have not been good and there is an oversupply.

The Straits of Mackinac will probably be open for navigation by April 30.

* * *

Dunn Moore shot and killed Thomas Moore, a negro farm hand at Strong's station, Miss., while trying to defend himself from an assault that may prove fatal.

Miss Hattie Fenton, aged 37, died of petrifying cancer at Pana, Ills. A large portion of her body was completely petrified.

The sixth meeting of the Northwestern association, Sons of Veterans, will be held at Valparaiso, Ind., Tuesday, May 16.

Daniel Rentchler was probably fatally injured in a railway accident at Mascoutah, Ills. Both legs were broken and internal injuries received.

John G. Gatlin and wife are in jail at Cheyenne, Wy., charged with rifling several mail pouches. Gatlin was in charge of the office at Myerville.

A warrant has been sworn out at Emporia, Kan., charging Judge Charles Fletcher with election frauds in having printed and circulated imitations of the "citizens' non-partisan ticket" with the names of the two candidates for justice of peace left off and having his own name written thereon.

* * *

The Volunteer mine at Negaunee, Mich., owned principally by General Alger of Detroit, will close down for the season. Inability to sell ore at the cost of mining is the reason assigned.

Articles of impeachment have been adopted against Nebraska's Secretary of State Allen, Attorney General Hastings, Public Land Commissioner Hill and ex-Treasurer Humphreys.

James Wallace was caught while in the act of robbing the postoffice at Boone Grove, Ind. Twenty dollars in stamps and small change were found on his person.

Charles Rowland fatally stabbed Christian Foutz at Portland, Ind. Both are boys aged 15. Rowland is held for murder.

Mrs. Mary Von der Emsbe of Terre Haute, Ind., has brought suit against her husband asking that their marriage be annulled on the ground of bigamy.

Edmund Beales, the Denver manager of Nicoll, the tailor, is missing and his accounts are $800 short. He was thought to be in Chicago, but as he did not appear at the house there his accounts were investigated.

The remains of Charles August Schultz were incinerated at Davenport, Ia. The ashes, weighing about five pounds, were taken to Bloomington, Ills., to be preserved in an urn.

Leonard Nerretter filed a bill of divorce against Anne, his wife, at Saginaw, Mich., alleging extreme cruelty.

* * *

Farmers report total failure of rye and wheat crops throughout Will County, Ill., and many of the adjacent counties. Heavy rains in January and cold weather immediately following are ascribed as the cause.

Plans for the dormitory which Cornelius Vanderbilt is to give Yale in memory of his son who died there in his senior year are about complete. Its cost will be about $500,000.

Will Jones, aged 19, was killed at Lexington, Ky., while traing a yearling colt for Murphy & Holloway.

Newton H. Tomlins was arrested at New Albany, Ind., on a charge of burglary. He was left a legacy of $15,000 by an aunt a year ago and squandered the entire sum on horses and women in eight months.

The Bloomington (Ills.) Manufacturing company has failed, with liabilities of $60,000.

A ten-toncutter constructed of aluminum, said to be the first sea-going vessel made of this metal, is being built at Loire for the Comte de Chabannes La Pollice. It will be half the weight of a vessel of similar class constructed with a steel frame.

Fire destroyed the residence of Frank Myers at Muncie, Ind. The 2½-year-old son of Austin Miller, who was asleep upstairs, was incinerated.

Wisconsin has voted $100,000 for her exhibit at the World's fair.

Lewis S. Matthews, formerly a railroad laborer at Arcola, Ills., was killed at that place while trying to board a north-bound freight train on the Illinois Central railroad.

Mrs. T. C. Price was found dead in bed at Richmond, Ind.

Towns along the Rio Grande in New Mexico have felt four shocks of earthquake.

ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.

What the Law Makers Are Doing at Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD, April 6.—The senate yesterday ordered the bill to allow cities and towns to maintain electric plants back to second reading for an amendment requiring a vote on the subject by the people of the city or town. The bill was then made special order for Tuesday next. The bill requiring inspection, etc., of "sweat shops" was passed without dissent. A number of bills were introduced and the senate adjourned.

In the house notice was given of a rule requiring two sessions a day. An attempt to make the "$5,000 limit bill," relating to damages against railways for loss of life, a special order for Tuesday next was defeated. A motion was carried to proceed to read all senate bills a first time, and several were so read. The valued policy bill was sent to the insurance committee, when it was recalled and sent to second reading. It requires all fire insurance companies to pay full value of policy in case of total loss.

SPRINGFIELD, April 7.—The senate yesterday passed the bill giving the women a vote in certain municipal and township elections. The vote was 27 to 10, the affirmative votes being Allen, Anderson, Aspinwall, Bacon, Bass, Berry, Bogardus, Chapman, Coon, Crawford, Dunlap, Evans, Harmer, Ferguson, Howell, Humphrey, Hunt, Hunter, Johnson, Knopf, Letourneau, Mussett, Nooman, Paisley, Solomon, Seibert, and Zearing. The Berry anti-pool-selling bill was again postponed, this time for nearly two weeks. The senatorial apportionment bill was passed by a strict party vote. The report of the committee on school books and furniture was to the effect that the furniture company was a trust and should be smashed, but the schoolbook company was a public benefit.

The proposal to amend the constitution so as to allow regulation of relations of employers and employes was made special order for next Thursday in the house. The proposal for two sessions daily of the house was sent to the rules committee. During the debate it transpired that the house is not in session daily as long as five hours, one of the speakers remarking that the house should work five or six hours daily at least. Another raft of bills was sent to the clerk's desk, and the house adjourned.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 8.—The governor yesterday sent to the senate the following nominations to the state board of education: Charles J. Parker, of Chicago; Forrest F. Cook, of Galesburg; Allen W. Stolp, of Aurora; Clinton Rosette, of Dekalb; Jacob L. Bailey, of Macomb; Edward Doocey, of Pittsfield; Lyon Carr, of Eureka; E. R. Kimbrough, of Danville; Charles L. Capen, of Bloomington. The bill requiring coal companies to weigh the coal before screening, so that the miners may get pay for all they put in the car, was made special order for third reading April 20. The bill to enable cities to recover money paid into the state treasury after two years if not called for was sent to third reading and made special order for April 20. Adjourned to Monday.

The house passed the bill requiring employers to give notice before they discharge employes. There wasn't a nay vote. The bill for a commission to mark the position of Illinois troops at Chickamauga was read the second time. The bill requiring insurance companies to do business in this state through resident agents was sent to third reading. Half a dozen or more house bills were then advanced to second reading and the house adjourned to Monday.

SUNDAY LAW IN PITTSBURG.

The Law and Order Society Prosecuting Sabbath Breakers.

NEW YORK, April 7.—The Times' special from Pittsburg, Pa., says: The Pittsburg Law and Order society which has been for months prosecuting newsboys and newspaper carriers and agents for day labor (Sunday) under an act of 1874, and which has been sustained in the supreme court of the state, Thursday tried a new trick. C. W. Houston, business manager and one of the stockholders of The Press, an afternoon daily and Sunday morning paper was arrested and tried before an alderman and fined $75 and costs for three violations of the law.

The Next Move.

Mr. Houston objected to the decision against him on the ground that he has never worked on Sunday in his life and that the workers on Monday morning papers do nearly all the work on the Sabbath. Mr. Yost, attorney for the Law and Order society, informed Mr. Houston that the publishers of Monday morning papers are next to be prosecuted and that it won't be long before all of the Pittsburg newspaper workers are employed only five days in each week, unless they get out Monday papers after 12 o'clock Sunday night.

HORSEWHIPPED THE GIRL.

A Jealous Wife Punishes a Young Woman for Flirting with Her Husband.

TRENTON, N. J., April 10.—There is excitement in the village of Falsington, near here, over the horsewhipping of Maggie Brown by Mrs. Elwood Morgan. The girl has been flirting with several married men in the village and she has made eight women jealous. Mrs. Morgan tried to get the other women to join her and tar and feather the girl, but they were afraid, so she took the inflicting of punishment into her own hands. She put on men's clothing and followed her husband, who had been meeting the girl nightly for two weeks. The pair were caught sitting on the back porch of the house where Miss Brown was employed. Without any warning Mrs. Morgan drew her whip and rained blows on the head and face of the girl. The husband escaped.

The Senate Ready to Adjourn.

WASHINGTON, April 10.—The senate has agreed to a resolution, offered by Harris of Tennessee for the appointment of a committee to wait upon the president and inform him that unless he has some further communications to make, the senate is ready to adjourn without day. A motion to reconsider was subsequently made by Hoar and was entered so the matter goes over until Tuesday. Resolutions for investigation of the charges against Senator Roach, of North Dakota, and Powers, of Montana, were offered by Hoar and Chandler and were laid over. At 3:45 the senate adjourned.

Chess Tournament in Progress.

KOKOMO, Ind., April 10.—The chess tournament for the championship of the United States between John W. Showalter, of Kentucky, and Samuel Casker, of Germany, began Monday afternoon at the Arlington hotel here. It will probably consume four weeks. Many chess players from different parts of the country are present.

FOREIGN MELANGE.

Many Christians Are Languishing in Turkish Dungeons—Zanzibar Slavers.

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 10.—The condition of affairs in Armenia is becoming more serious daily. Constant arrests of Armenians are reported in private letters. It is estimated that between 1,800 and 2,000 Christians are now in Turkish dungeons. The recent announcement that the sultan had proclaimed a general pardon of Armenian prisoners was mere humbug. Only a few Armenians will be released, and they will be set free only because no evidence whatever of their connection with the pretended sedition could be obtained.

Restricting the Importation of Arms.

DUBLIN, April 10.—Baron Houghton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, has issued an order limiting the importation of arms and ammunition into Ireland. Arms and ammunition must be imported only at certain ports, and all consignees must, previous to consignment, obtain a permit for the importation from the customs officers giving particulars of the arms consigned. The customs officials are authorized to open packages suspected of containing arms or ammunition imported contrary to the order.

To Suppress a Horrid Slave Trade.

ZANZIBAR, April 10.—A British cruiser has seized a scow sailing under French colors and having on board sixty children which had been kidnaped from Zanzibar by Arabs under French protection, and evidently intended to be disposed of as slaves. The incident will be used to enforce the protest of the British against the course of the French authorities in permitting the use of the French flag by the Arabs in kidnaping both slaves and free children, thus making the French flag a cover for the slave traffic.

France Apologies to Germany.

PARIS, April 10.—The government has apologized to Count Muenster, German ambassador, for the detention of the letters written by Herr Kurtz to the German embassy and consulate while he was imprisoned on suspicion in Rouen. Count Muenster was assured that a repetition of incidents would be carefully avoided in the future, and that if Herr Kurtz returned to France he would not be molested.

Earthquakes in Servia.

BELGRADE, April 10.—A severe earthquake was felt in many parts of Servia. The village of Viliki Popovitch was tumbled into ruins and several inhabitants were killed. Deaths in wrecked houses are reported from other villages in the kingdom.

Discovered an Anarchist Plot.

MADRID, April 10.—The government has discovered an alarming conspiracy of anarchists at Xeres, evidently having for its object an insurrection against the authorities.

The Paris Morgue Crowded.

PARIS, April 10.—The Dix Neuvien Siecle says there were never so many bodies in the Paris morgue as at present. Thirty-four were received since April 1.

John W. Foster Dines the Britishers.

PARIS, April 10.—Mr. John W. Foster, of the Berhing sea court of arbitration, gave a dinner Saturday evening in honor of the British representatives.

Destructive Prairie Fire.

AINSWORTH, Neb., April 10.—The most fearful fire that has been witnessed in this country for many years passed over nearly all of the country from three or four miles north of this city to the Niobrara river, a distance of fifteen miles, destroying much property and imperiling life. The losses will aggregate $30,000.

Brooklyn Tabernacle Safe for a Time.

NEW YORK, April 10.—Enough money has been subscribed to enable the trustees of the Brooklyn tabernacle to tide over the financial difficulties that have threatened it.

Mississippi River Roustabouts.

The roustabouts' faults are excessively human, and the consequence of a sturdy belief that they need sharper treatment than the rest of us leads to their being urged to do more work than a white man. There were nights on the Providence when the landings ran close together and the poor wretches got little or no sleep. They "tote" all the freight aboard and back to land again on their heads or shoulders, and it is crushing work. Whenever the old barbaric instinct to loaf or to move by threes at one man's work would prompt them, one of the mates was sure to spy the weakness and roar at the culprits.

The mates showed no actual unkindness or severity while I was on that boat. But they all—on all the boats—have fearsome voices, such as we credit to pirate chiefs on "low, rakish, black boats," in yellow clad novels. Any one of them would break up an opera troop. They rasp at the darkies in their business voices with a "run up the plank, nigger; now, then, nigger, get wood," and then they turn and speak to the passengers in their Sunday shore blave voices as gently as any men can talk.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Eyesight Saved

After Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Pneumonia and other prostrating diseases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled to thoroughly purify the blood and give needed strength. Read this:

Clifford Blackman.

"My boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, leaving him very weak and with blood poisoned with cankor. His eyes became inflamed, his sufferings were intense, and for 7 weeks he could not even open his eyes. I took him to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, but their remedies did him no good. I began giving him

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which soon cured him. I know it saved his sight, if not his very life." ABBIE F. BLACKMAN, 2388 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, APRIL 15, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—"Niobe."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—Russell's Comedians.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Co.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Black Crook."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Annie Pixley.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"McKenna's Flirtations."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Lillian Lewis.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

IS IRELAND "A POOR COUNTRY?"

Mr. Gladstone, in arguing with the Ulster deputation that went to his official residence in Downing street on March 31, to strive against Home Rule, said:

"The civil expenditure of Ireland is made up of charges which amount in all to £5,160,000. That is a sum representing more than 20s per head—I suppose somewhere about 22s per head—at any rate more than 20s for the whole population of Ireland. Ireland is a poor country. Ought Ireland to require more expenditure in civil government than England or Scotland, which are richer countries with higher standpoints necessarily of expenditure? While the civil government of Ireland—I am taking the figures now because they have never been challenged since 1886, and they have not materially changed—while the civil government of Ireland costs £1 the civil government of Great Britain costs little more than 10s, is there no margin for economy in that? Ought the civil government of Ireland to cost more? You tell me it takes a long time to reduce the expenditure. So it does. I admit it. It cannot be done in a day, but still the judges of Ireland are not immortal. The civil functionaries of all times are not immortal, and from year to year there is a gradually increasing fund available for economy, and after economy available either for the remission of taxes or for the comfort and advantage of the people in other more judicious mode of expenditure; and therefore I say, gentlemen, it is not a chronic want of money, it is a chronic plethora of money, which, if Ireland be prudent, threatens to beset her after she has attained her local autonomy."

Nobody knows better than Mr. Gladstone why Ireland is "a poor country." Nature has not made her so, however. Mr. Gladstone's countrymen have. He himself aided in the process during more than forty years of his public life, and even now, he proposes to draw a tribute of some £2,500,000 annually from her, for "imperial purposes." These purposes are the army, navy, militia and other instruments by which she is kept in bondage. England's cheap, low-wage manufacturers flood her markets with their wares. English drummers undersell the native producer, of everything but food, in every part of the island. Whatever England competes with goes to the wall. Why? Because Ireland has no tariff barrier, and, in consequence, prosperity avoids her. She has "the blessings of English connection and English free trade," like the poor, always with her. In vain does she raise four times more food than her people can consume. In vain does she export to England $100,0000,000 of produce annually—to pay the rents collected, if there should be default, by English bayonets. In vain does she pay another enormous tribute to absentee landlords, who spend every penny of it in foreign countries. Ireland yields, at present, to England, counting all "charges" against her, in the neighborhood of £9,700,000 pounds. Half a score independent European states, including Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Bavaria, Greece and Denmark, live and grow fat on much less; and they support armies, and, in most cases, navies of their own. Now if Ireland were allowed to spend £9,700,000—$48,500,000 on herself annually, the world would soon see how prosperous she could become. But the generous Gladstone proposes to give her £500,000—$2,500,000—wherewith to begin housekeeping on her own account—that is she will occupy a cheap flat in "the United Kingdom" building, without even the privilege of subletting to boarders. John Bull, owner of the united flats—himself occupying the choice one—will come around every month to demand his rent, in advance. If Ireland doesn't pay, or cannot, the benevolent John will throw her out on the cold world again. She cannot occupy his flat in College Green, and she must return at once to a cabin with leaky roof for lodging and potatoes and sour milk for diet. But John will continue to feast on her beef and mutton, poultry, eggs, cheese and butter just the same. It is a beautiful arrangement. Ireland is, indeed, "a poor country."

THE FRENCH-IRISH.

The Irish in France do not forget the land of Sarsfield and Lord Clare. At the annual banquet, held on St. Patrick's Day, the gallant Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone—a scion of the glorious House of Dungannon—was too ill to attend, but he sent a beautiful letter of regret. *United Ireland* says: "The vice-presidents were Monsieur l'Abbe Connelly and Monsieur d'Abbadie, membre de l'Institute. Among those present were Count O'Kelly of Galway; the Comte de Cremont, Col. Connelly, Gen. McAdaras, deputy; Col. Curwen, Mr. O'Connelly, Dr. Bull, Mr. Reynolds, Father Osmond Cooke, Miss Maud Gonne, Miss McArthur, and Miss Delaney. The Abbe Connelly made an eloquent speech, in which he recalled the many ties of sympathy which exist between France and Ireland. Monsieur Nemours Godre, who is the author of a most interesting book on O'Connell, spoke with much feeling of joy he felt when traveling in Ireland in finding with what deep affection the Irish people regard France. Miss Maud Gonne, after expressing her pleasure at assisting at the celebration of the national festival, said they should not forget what St. Patrick's Day must be to those Irishmen who have sacrificed their liberty for the love of Ireland, and who are wearing their lives away in the slow tortures of an English convict prison. She gave a description of their sufferings. A collection was then made for the fund for enabling the prisoners' families to visit them in Portland; it amounted to 116 francs, which has been forwarded to the Irish Amnesty Association, London."

CARTER MEANLY "ROASTED."

The *Illustrated American* of New York, of date April 8, has a fierce, almost indecent, attack on Carter Harrison, which concludes as follows:

"The mayor of Chicago will be this year a national personage, and the whole country, therefore, has a right to ask Chicago that this low-minded, odious mountebank may not be put in a place where thousands of strangers will be forced to contaminate themselves by even perfunctory relations with him. The majority of voters in Chicago are not debased, corrupt, vile; therefore the God-fearing in the community can, if they choose, put an end to this partisan freebooter, and save Chicago another term of moral anarchy and political degredation. How can the persistence of such a personage bring about distinctions that our social compact designs as the reward of ability, virtue? How account for the popularity of Sulla, Marius, John of Leyden, Richard III? How explain the popular adoration of Wilkes and untold hundreds of other baleful blatherskites who have pestered humanity? This Harrison person hasn't an agreeable trait. He is harsh, imperious, truculent; he is an adorer of money and the possessors of money. He is vain as a Bourbon of his family lineage; he disdains the plain people, yet cringes to them when they have votes; he is no more a Democrat than Philippe d'Orleans was a Democrat, when he sat in the convention and voted for the death of his cousin, the king. Indeed, this personage is such a monstrous distortion of all the proprieties of popular suffrage that his survival suggests the wisdom of laws making such creatures ineligible—even to citizenship! Society claims and enforces the right to protect itself against anarchic visionaries, but there never was an anarchist that boded so much mischief to every vital interest of Chicago as this self-nominated candidate who is proposing to take the great city by the throat and illustrate Prevost Paradol's jibe anent Napoleon III—that France was a great lady who consented to be the mistress of her valet!"

About 113,000 voters of the city of Chicago showed on April 4 that they did not agree with the *American's* kind estimate of Mr. Harrison; and we honestly believe, that only a small minority of the 93,000 that voted for Mr. Allerton will endorse it. Carter has faults, it is true, but he is no such monster of iniquity as our New York contemporary would have us believe. Carter is certainly not harsh, nor is he imperious or truculent. He makes no distinction between rich and poor in his manner which is generally urbane. Carter is always accessible, whether as mayor or editor. If he is vain of his pedigree, he has always succeeded in keeping his vanity to himself. In fact, outside of politics, Carter is anything but the "bold, bad man." the *American* would fain make him out to be, and, even in politics, after the battle is over, Harrison, to do him nothing but justice, is anything but malignant. The only thing Carter is really vain of is his horsemanship. This is an amiable weakness, and may well be pardoned in a wild Kentuckian, who is, both in manner and appearance, a cavalier not a valet. The latter might be able to debauch New York, but Chicago looks higher.

THE IRISH AND THE PUBLIC OFFICES

The esteemed *Tribune* says "the Irish take all the offices." Well, they take their share, but let us see, just by way of no harm, how much they actually do take: The President is an Anglo-American. All the cabinet officers are Anglo-Americans. The ambassadors, so far as appointed, are Anglo-Americans. Outside the consul-generalship to England, the Irish have got nothing worth mentioning from the administration. The collector of the port is an Anglo-American. The postmaster is Celtic-American. The collector of internal revenue is a Luxembourger. The appraiser is an Anglo-American. The subtreasurer, U.S., is also Anglo-American. The governor of Illinois is a German. The treasurer is an Anglo-American. The superintendent of public instruction is a German. The attorney-general is an Irishman. Of nine superior court judges, Cook county, one is an Irishman. Of eleven circuit court judges, one (Frank Adams) was born in Ireland and two (E. F. Dunne and R. Clifford) were born in America, of Irish parents. The probate judge is an American, of German ancestry; the county judge is an Anglo-American. All the judges of the appellate court are Anglo-Americans. The following judges of the several courts are either Germans or of German origin: Sugg, Stein, Brentano. The states attorney is a German. The county attorney and county physician are American born Irish. The county agent is Irish born. The county superintendent of schools is an Anglo-American. The county general superintendent is an Anglo-American. The county clerk is a German. The clerk of the superior court is an American born Irishman. So also are the clerks of the probate court and appellate courts. The coroner is an American born Irishman. The county surveyor is an Anglo-American. So is the recorder of deeds. The county treasurer is a German. The principal of the Normal school is an Anglo-American. The sheriff is a Canadian by birth. The jailer is an Englishman. The clerk of the criminal court is a German. Of fifteen county commissioners, three are Irish-American. The mayor that is, is an Anglo-Franco-Yankee; the city treasurer is a Pole; the city attorney is an Anglo-American; the city comptroller is an Anglo-American; the commissioner of public works is a German; the corporation counsel is an Anglo-American; the superintendent of police is a Scotch-Yankee; the fire marshal is an Irishman born in Scotland; the city collector is a German; the commissioner of buildings is a Celtic-Yankee; the city sealer is a Yankee; the prosecuting attorney is ditto; the city physician ditto; the gas inspector is an Anglo-American; the inspector of oils a Chicagoan; the inspector of steam boilers, ditto; the superintendent of water office an Irish-American; the superintendent of Bridewell an Anglo or Scoto-American; the city engineer an Anglo-American; the superintendent of streets an Irish Yankee; the superintendent of schools an Anglo-American; the city electrician an Irish-American.

The election of Harrison as mayor will not make much difference in the proportion of offices held by the Irish—the only important change being Mr. Bransfield, an Irishman, elected to take the place of Col. Kiolbassa as city treasurer. We respectfully submit the foregoing statistics to the esteemed *Tribune* and venture to ask, do the Irish monopolize the public offices?

MR. DAVITT IS RATHER RASH.

"Loyal Mike" Davitt made a speech on the Home Rule bill in the English House of Commons on Tuesday, in the course of which he is reported to have said that "the bill would be accepted by 13,000,000 of the Irish race as a pact of peace to be honorably observed. He had changed his opinion since 1886, and now strongly supported the retention of the Irish members in the Imperial Parliament. The bill was a compromise, and not the result of a revolution, and therefore the friends of peace in Ireland and England took it as containing all the conditions of lasting union. The Irish, Mr. Davitt continued, did not wish Home Rule to cost the British Parliament a single penny, and they would not shirk their fair share of imperial expenditures. In regard to the landlord and propertied classes, surely the Nationalists, who were desirous of making Ireland prosperous under self-government, could be trusted not to perpetuate an injustice upon any class whose ruin would involve the ruin of the country. Mr. Davitt added that he had little love for Irish landlords, but he was certain that the Nationalists would weigh carefully every measure affecting the land."

It would be an ominous thing, indeed, —the end of the world would surely be at hand—if "Loyal Mike" did not "change his mind" since 1886. He changed it also between 1867 and 1886, and has kept changing it ever since, until, in fact, there is hardly any more change left in him. But who commissioned "Loyal Mike" to speak for 13,000,000 of the Irish race? Is he quite sure that that is the correct figure. Might it not be 12,999,999? Or might it not be 000,000,001? Michael found it very difficult to "keep his sate" in Ireland. Waterford threw him over, in favor of John Redmond; and he was "unsated" for North Meath. He now, we believe, represents some remote district of the county Cork, into which he was "boosted" by the patronage of Wm. O'Brien. Mr. Davitt, meanwhile, will be filling a long felt want, if he will kindly explain to the "13,000,000 of the Irish race" how he is going to run an Irish government on $2,500,000 a year. Chicago has only 1,500,000 "souls," and her city government costs $30,000,000 a year—just twelve times as much as the big hearted Mr. Gladstone is going to give Ireland for "national" housekeeping.

DEATH OF PETER WHITE.

Cablegrams to the daily papers of Sunday last announce the death at his home, near Dublin, on Saturday, of Mr. Peter White, well known in this country in connection with the Irish industrial movement, and also with the Irish exhibit at the World's Fair. No particulars of Mr. White's sudden death are given. He was to have left Ireland for this city on the 20th inst., with Lady Aberdeen's party. Mr. White suffered from an attack of pneumonia in Montreal three years ago, and never entirely recovered from its effects. When here a few months ago, he was still complaining, and seemed to have failed physically. His letter to THE CITIZEN in regard to the Irish industrial exhibit at the Fair will be remembered. He was a successful business man, and leaves his wife and children well provided for. Mr. White was a Nationalist of mild views, and always held that the Irish people, if more practical, could do a great deal toward lessening English commercial influence in their country. He also held that emigration was a curse instead of a blessing, and that at least forty per cent of those who came to this country could do just as well at home, if they were prepared to make the sacrifices of pride and self-indulgence that they cheerfully make abroad. The trouble, he said, was that the Irishman of the middle classes in Ireland would consider himself degraded if he accepted the same grade of work necessity compelled him to accept in this country. He used to tell, with great gusto, how he met in Boston, New York and other cities Irishmen serving as porters in hotels and waiters in restaurants who held good positions in Dublin, Cork and Limerick, and who came to the United States "to better their condition," whereat honest Peter used to laugh most heartily. THE CITIZEN is deeply sorry for Mr. White, who was a most agreeable man personally. His death is a great loss to industrial Ireland.

AMERICA WILL NOT WRONG IRELAND

Our friends in Ireland appear to be over-sensitive. They ought to know, if they do not, that all Americans, or nearly all, whether of Irish antecedents or otherwise, wish Ireland and the Irish well. They want to see that fine old country prosperous, happy and independent. It therefore pains us to observe that a well intended paragraph, which appeared in these columns some weeks ago, has been made a subject of deprecatory remark by *United Ireland*. O'Donovan Rossa's paper, the *United Irishman*, published in New York, has an article in its issue of April 1, headed "Giving Up Queenstown," in which it says:

"It is not giving up the English name of 'Queenstown' and calling it the old name of 'Cove,' but giving up the principal branch of trade that was left it as a port of departure for emigrants. History tells us that, after the siege of Limerick, when the 'Treaty' was made, allowing the Irish soldiers to go into foreign countries with their wives and children, the soldiers were first allowed into the ships at the Cove of Cork. There the wives and children were not allowed on board, and as the ships were putting out from the quays some of the women took hold of the ropes and were dragged into the sea. Then were heard those 'women's parting cries' that Davis speaks of in his Battle of Fontenoy. Now, there is to be no wailing of the parting friends heard at Cove—no more emigrant trade of Queenstown. England must monopolize that too. *United Ireland* of Dublin said lately:

"'We in Ireland view with feelings of disappointment and apprehension the withdrawal of the Inman liners from the Queenstown-Liverpool route to that of Southampton, because in this case it means a considerable loss to the South of Ireland, but more because it may mean still greater evil. The following paragraph from the Chicago CITIZEN will illustrate the undoubted fact that in a great many matters of this kind our brothers in the United States have quite a different point of view':

"'The American flag was raised to the peak of the American Line Steamship New York, formerly the City of New York, of the Inman Line, by President Harrison, in New York harbor, at 2:30 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. The vessel formerly sailed under the English flag, and the action of the President marks a new epoch in the American merchant marine. Glory hallelujah.'

"It is, however, merely another reminder that if we Irishmen in Ireland mean to do anything real for our country we must depend on none but, as John O'Hagan long ago said, 'ourselves alone.'"

Now we don't look on the question of preference between Queenstown and Southampton from a standpoint different to that of *United Ireland*. We are with Ireland every time and several times over, on all such questions. There can be no possible conflict of interests between America and Ireland, and, indeed, we are sure that if the matter is properly placed before the American government Queenstown will not be left long out in the cold. We hope that when the proposed Irish Parliament is established, if it ever is, not alone Queenstown, or Cove, which is its proper name, but also Galway, which can easily be made the noblest harbor in Europe, will be recognized. Galway is, in fact, the natural mail route between Ireland, Great Britain and America. It is, by rail and sea, about 180 miles from Hollyhead—bee line at that—and should be utilized on the principle of fast delivery. If Ireland were an independent nation, she could make her own treaties, and compel recognition on her natural merits; but, unfortunately, she is not, and even the Home Rule bill does not give her the right to look after her own commercial interests. The injustice of the thing is apparent to any body who studies the map of western, or, rather, insular, Europe. Liverpool, with Ireland lying between her and America, and with a harbor mostly artificial, and having the further disadvantage of a long and dangerous sea voyage by American ships, after Irish land is sighted, is a great and growing city, one of the most prosperous in the world, while Galway, with a naturally deep and safe harbor, ramparted against the wild Atlantic by the Arran islands, is in a state of decay, which almost threatens its extinction. This circumstance is, of itself, sufficient to damn English rule in Ireland. If the Irish in Ireland make a determined effort to have Queenstown and Galway recognized in the matter of the American mail service, the American Irish will second them, and they will have friends and allies in the American people of all races. America is Ireland's best friend. All she needs is to be shown the injustice of slighting Irish interests, and she will remedy the wrong as far as may lie in her power.

TWEEDLE-DUM AND TWEEDLE-DEE.

The British ambassador, Sir Julian Pauncefote, presented his credentials to President Cleveland on Tuesday, and made a speech in which he did not fail to revive the cordial cant about "drawing more closely together the bonds which happily unite the two countries." Grover made an equally "scratch me and I'll scratch you" reply, in which he said: "On behalf of our government and people I desire to express the satisfaction with which we interpret the action of her Majesty in conferring upon her representative at our capital the highest rank known to the diplomatic intercourse of nations as a marked proof of the friendly consideration that tends to draw into the closest amity two peoples having common ties of blood, of speech and of history. That we fully appreciate and cordially reciprocate this action of her Majesty is already demonstrated by the prompt elevation of the mission of the United States in England to the same dignity with which yours is invested."

The whole palaver may thus be summed up: Sir Julian—"Tweedle-tweedle-dum." Grover—"Tweedle-tweedle-dee." Both—"Carry the news to 'er Majestie."

WHAT IRELAND PAYS THE BRITISH PIPER.

Mr. Pierce Mahony, in a letter to the *Irish Daily Independent*, states that, according to English Treasury reports, the actual amount of revenue raised in Ireland for the fiscal year 1891-92, was £9,639,331! In addition, he should have stated, she pays absentee rents that amount to nearly as large a sum, and home rents larger still. Mr. Mahony gives the following table of revenues of independent European countries for 1889:

Portugal, gross revenue	.....	£8,400,000
Sweden,	"	4,800,000
Norway,	"	2,400,000
Denmark,	"	3,000,000
Switzerland,	"	2,900,000
Greece	"	3,100,000

Thus it will be seen that Ireland furnishes England with nearly as much revenue per year as it takes to run Sweden, Norway and Denmark combined! But Ireland is saved. Gladstone will give her £500,000 to set up her own shop with. What lavish waste!

A GREAT many pro-monarchists in England, and Europe generally, have been trying to belittle republican France because of the Panama scandals. Mr. Labouchere, in London *Truth*, turns them down in the following neat and effective manner: "It is somewhat strange that the Panama revelations should be regarded as proof positive that France would be better under an empire or a monarchy than under a republic. During twenty years of imperialism robbery was rampant among officials. One thief after another plundered the public. The press was not allowed to allude to the matter; the judges were nobbled, and the country had silently to accept this regime of plunder. Who does not remember the Jecker bonds and the expedition to Mexico that was designed to enable imperial ministers and courtiers to sell bonds dear that they had bought cheap? That some republicans have continued the vile traditions of imperialism is abundantly evident. Equally evident is it that some newspapers secured illicit gains for puffing the Panama company. The difference, however, between the empire and the republic is that under the former all publicity would have been suppressed, while under the latter there is a determination to go to the root of the evil and, without fear or favor, punish all wrongdoers."

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has called for that Russian treaty. He wants to read it. So do the American people. Having read it, the best thing Grover can do with the document is to tear it up.

JUDGE and Mrs. David J. Lyon were made happy on Sunday morning by the birth of a son and heir. THE CITIZEN congratulates the worthy couple most heartily. The young Judge has already begun to make a loud noise in the world.

NOTICE.

All subscribers and readers of THE CITIZEN, and all others whom it may concern, are hereby notified that one Patrick J. Flynn, residing at Halsted street and Thirty-seventh court, is not employed by THE CITIZEN in any capacity. They are, furthermore, warned against having any business transactions with him, so far as this paper is concerned.

ULSTER AND HOME RULE.

The Sentiment of the Province Not Represented by an Orange Minority.

Editor Washington Post: "The Ulstermen of Ireland threaten to rise in insurrection against home rule establishment." I quote from the editorial in your issue of today. If that statement had appeared from the noisome London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, Mr. Smalley, the writer of this would permit it to pass without notice. But the *Post*, I am sure, would not intentionally misstate a cause so dear to the hearts of so many of its readers; hence I ask permission to deny the correctness of the words which I quote. The "Ulstermen of Ireland" do not threaten anything of that kind.

More than half of the people of Ulster are Catholic. It contains nine counties, and in every one of five of them the Catholics are in a large majority. Here are the data:

Counties.	*Catholics.*	*Others.*
Donegal	154,524	51,511
Cavan	89,483	22,434
Monaghan	75,006	27,742
Tyrone	110,722	86,997
Fermanagh	41,014	33,156

Taking the whole of the nine counties the Catholics are far more numerous than any other single religious denomination in the province. The total Catholic population of Ulster is 744,353, the total of Protestant Episcopalian is 361,897, and the total of Presbyterians and Methodists is 468,335. These figures will enable anyone to fully appreciate the impudence of the Orangemen's contention implied in the phrase "Protestant Ulster." Where is the Ulster that is against home rule? It does not exist. Ulster is neither Protestant, nor is it against home rule; on the contrary, a majority of its people, Protestant and Catholic, are Nationalists and home rulers. And they repudiate the claim of the Orangemen to speak for Ulster or for Ireland.

Ireland is overwhelmingly National; it contains thirty-two counties. The parliamentary representatives of twenty-seven of those counties are home rulers. There are only sixteen opponents of home rule in the parliamentary representation of the whole country, and these sixteen represent only the small northeast corner of Ulster.

All those threats of the Orangemen to fight are mere bluster. Why? Because they are well aware they would be mashed by Protestants and Catholics alike if they tried it. They could be mashed by the Nationalists of Ulster alone, without any interference by the rest of Ireland. But the Orangemen will submit like whipped curs to the inevitable, that they have not the power to prevent or resist.

On the occasion of every successive concession to Ireland the Orange minority have held precisely the same language as they are holding now. In 1869, on the occasion of the disestablishment of the Protestant church, they "appealed to our brother Protestants in England, Scotland and Wales to stand by us in this last awful hour of our fortunes, and we call upon them not to drive us again to that old kind of material, physical resistance, which accompanied the first protest of our fathers three centuries ago; which accompanied the second protest in this kingdom of our fathers 200 years ago; which accompanied the glorious struggle for liberty and Protestantism of our predecessors, and whose protest by act and word they were willing to seal with their blood in martyrdom and battle." And they continued: "If the church establishment be destroyed in Ireland, there must not—there shall not—be peace in Ireland. If they want us to die as martyrs we will die as soldiers first."

Well, the act passed; the Orangemen did not as much as strike a match!

I have so often exposed the falsehoods that are transmitted to this country through the English cable that it seems like a work of supererogation to go over the subject again. But the object sought to be attained by all those bogus dispatches—upon which many editorials in American papers are based—is so plain that it may be as well again—if the *Post* will kindly grant the courtesy—to caution the friends of human liberty not to be misled by them, since their design and intent is, in the first instance, to prejudice American public opinion and the Irish cause, and, in the second place, to create confusion and distrust among the friends of that cause in the United States by giving the idea that Ireland is hopelessly divided and broken up.

J. D. O'CONNELL.
Treasury Department, March 23.

FRIENDS OF IRELAND

Hold a Great Mass Meeting in St. Paul, Minn., in the Interest of Home Rule,

And Send Glad Tidings and Cash to the Leaders of Ireland's National Cause.

[*St. Paul Pioneer Press, April 7.*]

The Home Rule leaders and Irish patriots in London will receive glad tidings this morning from their fellow countrymen and sympathizers in St. Paul. The mass meeting held at Market Hall last night in the interest of Home Rule for Ireland was a great success financially, and resulted in raising some money for this deserving cause, which sum, with other collections, amounts to over $1,800. The demonstration called forth a large attendance, cosmopolitan in its makeup, there being on the stage representative American citizens of English, German, Scandinavian and Irish descent. On the main floor of the hall there was not an empty seat. Among those who occupied chairs on the stage were Archbishop Ireland, Judge Kelly, Speaker William E. Lee, chairman of the meeting, M. D. Munn, Moses E. Clapp, Capt. M. J. O'Connor, Mr. Baxter, Judge Willis, Father P. R. Heffron, P. M. Moroney, John Cavanagh and Revs. A. McNulty, P. O'Neill, J. O'Reilly, and H. Moynahan.

The meeting was called to order by Judge Kelly, who stated briefly the object for which they had assembled. After expressing Gov. Nelson's regrets at being unable to attend the gathering, he introduced Speaker Lee, of the house of representatives, as chairman of the meeting. The speaker expressed his appreciation of the honor conferred upon him, as it is not very often, he said, that an Englishman, if not by birth, by descent, is called upon to preside over a Home Rule meeting. He expressed the hope that he would live to see the day when Gladstone will have completed his great work.

The first speaker of the evening was Archbishop Ireland, who was received by a great outburst of applause.

"A most solumn scene is being enacted tonight in the English parliament," began the distinguished prelate. "William E. Gladstone is moving the second reading of his bill for Home Rule in Ireland. This scene is a part of the great battle of seven centuries. In 1169 Strongbow orossed the Irish sea to wrest from Ireland her independence. Since then her efforts have never ceased to regain in some measure that independence. The battle of freedom has been bequeathed from father to son. The battle fought and lost, they would retire to their mountain fastnesses, resolved to soon begin anew the strife. After 700 years of battling the children of Ireland today stand up and demand from humanity their rights as a nation. It is not Ireland alone that is in this battle. The freedom-loving sons of the whole earth are engaged in it. The battle is being fought in the name of reason, and no longer is the field covered with blood. The time has come when rival parties are willing to listen to reason and in reason's name to decide the destiny of nations. At the head of Ireland's representatives in parliament stands England's greatest statesman, William E. Gladstone. Nearly all of the members from generous Scotland and Wales, and a great contingent of England's own representatives are with those Irish members. Englishmen have extended to Ireland the hand of peace and reconciliation, and Ireland accepts it. It is a scene of which humanity may well feel proud.

"The bill introduced by Mr. Gladstone is to give Ireland Home Rule—a parliament on College Green to legislate for Ireland's own affairs. Why does she demand this? Because she is a nation. The God of nations has made her such. He has put the seas about her, and Ireland demands the right to legislate for herself. Legislation from Westminster has proved a failure. It is too late to have anywhere a nation crushed and persecuted. Against Ireland are the nobles and the house of lords, but the people rule today, and when the people demand it Home Rule shall be given or the house of lords must perish.

"It is the mission of Americans, quietly and constitutionally, to give liberty to all oppressed people, and hence we salute the great statesman Gladstone, who demands of Providence the great privilege of freeing Ireland. Never shall England be so great and glorious as when she looks across the Irish Sea and beholds her sister free. We sympathize with Ireland, and now let us show our sympathy. The victory is nearly won. You have only to stay where you are and contribute of your means. A great deal of talk has been spent on Ireland, but what we want tonight is not words, but hard cash spent on her."

Secretary Moroney read a letter from Senator C. K. Davis in which he gave assurance of his hearty sympathy with the objects of the organization in St. Paul, and expressed the hope that the Irish with all other people may soon achieve the right to regulate their own affairs in their own way. Chairman Lee announced as the next speaker of the evening Moses E. Clapp, ex-attorney general of the state. He was given a cordial reception.

"Dead to the just appreciation of the glorious institutions of this country and dead and false to the teachings of liberty must be the American who fails to feel in his breast a sympathetic throb for the cause of Ireland," said the speaker. "I might tell you of the trials and tribulations of Erin's sons and of the many things I love in the Irish character, but to my mind the trait which transcends all others is the Irishman's love for Ireland. Go where you may and wherever you find an Irishman you find a man in whose breast burns an unquenchable fire. As you are loyal to Ireland so will he be to America. It is the tongue and the pen that are winning the battle in this age. The time has come when the ballot supplants the bayonet. You have heard what Home Rule means, and I will say if the house of lords stands too long in the way of Home Rule, monarchy must go. May God hasten the day when the Irishman who loves Ireland and the American who loves America may join in celebrating that great event."

Chairman Lee again called the attention of the audience to Ireland's need of money, and said it would be a means of grace if they would contribute liberally to the collectors who were preparing to canvass the hall. No other appeal was made. The collection, with what was taken at the door, amounted to $1,000. A check for $85 was received from Graceville, Minn. This, with what had previously been collected, will make about $1,400. A cablegram will be sent to Justin McCarthy this morning announcing the result of the meeting. This duty having been performed other speakers were introduced. The first was Louis Stern, of the Volks-Zeitung, who made as stirring and patriotic address as any Irishman could have delivered. The Irish question, he said, had passed that stage where it was alone a question for the English Parliament. The cause has been taken before a higher tribunal. "Ireland is entitled to justice, and justice means self-government," said the German editor. "Hereafter no English nobleman will dare question Ireland's right to self-government. The English papers have said that Ireland is not capable of self-government. Let them send their correspondents to this country, and if they do not find that the Irish are able to govern themselves as well as others let Home Rule forever fail." (Great applause.)

As Mr. Stern took his seat Ignatius Donnelly entered from the wings and was welcomed by a storm of applause. His introduction was a matter of form. Although of American birth, he said he could trace his Irish ancestry back to the beginning of the fourteenth century. He did not forget to pay his compliments to the coal combine, saying that he was trying to follow in the footsteps of St. Patrick in driving this combine not only out of the country, but into the penitentiary. Speaking of the destitute condition of Ireland, he said:

"While the English people have increased from five millions to thirty-five millions, that most beautiful island of Ireland with its scenery and rich soil has fallen from nine millions to less than five millions. What did I find in Ireland? Not the smallest sign of prosperity. No crops, no troops of workingmen going to and from their labors. I found a lot of drinking houses, auctioneers and emigrant agents selling tickets to foreign countries. Upon this platform sits the representatives of this race. Beside the speaker of the House of Representatives is the most illustrious prelate of the Catholic church, who next to the Pope concentrates the attention of the Catholic world. The Irish have proven themselves capable of governing themselves.

"If the Democratic party does not govern this country the Irish have not shown themselves incapable of governing that party."

The speaker urged upon the Irish the necessity of acting together without regard to religious belief. He suggested as a means of building up the manufactories of Ireland that people pledge themselves to buy no goods which are not manufactured in their own country. He thought that the Irish in this country ought to give the Irish wares a preference over the English manufactured articles.

"Can there be any question of the necessity of self-government in Ireland?" he asked. "I sat in the gallery of the English Parliament and heard one of its officers reply to a question as to whether the goats were eating the grass on the top of Blueberry hill. That body should concern itself only with national affairs. Imagine Congress passing upon all the Minnesota legislation as well as of the other States of the Union. The most natural thing would be to divide England into districts and let each settle its own local affairs. When the great Gladstone completes his work there will go up a shout of exultation all over the world. The Irish are denied homes, ownership of land and property. They often seek oblivion in drink, but when they are given their rights that reproach will disappear."

The last speaker of the evening was Judge Willis. He urged upon his countrymen the necessity of contributing liberally to this cause. It was their share in the great struggle for liberty.

ULSTER'S DISGRACE.

[*Catholic Times, April 1.*]

The noisy Orangemen of Ulster have reached and passed the boiling point. Their terrible threats today in reference to the Home Rule bill recall the racket they kicked up in 1868 when the bill for the disestablishment of the State Church in Ireland was under discussion. They talked rant, rifles and revolution then in case the disestablishment bill passed. It passed, and they came down from their high horse as meekly and quietly as Davy Crockett's coon came down to save Davy's powder. When the Home Rule bill passes they will give another exhibition of the same coon-descension as before.

To hear their talk about "Protestant" Ulster would lead one ignorant of the facts to believe that Ulster was almost exclusively Protestant. Now, the facts are as follows, according to official statistics:

Total population of Ireland...	4,714,750
Catholics.....	3,547,307
Protestants.....	1,167,443
Total population of Ulster....	1,619,814
Catholics.....	874,955
Protestants.....	744,859
Catholic majority.....	130,096

From this it appears that Ulster is a Catholic province. But the fanatical minority has so long domineered that they imagine they have a sort of divine right, as Protestants, to continue to do so. Hence those tears and the tempest in a teapot.

The Rev. Dr. Burns, of Hamilton, Ontario, is a Presbyterian minister and a gentleman well known throughout the Dominion of Canada. Mr. John D. Grace, president of the Ottawa St. Patrick's Society sent him an invitation to a 17th of March banquet. Unable to attend, Dr. Burns wrote a letter of thanks, in which he said:

"Be assured that my heart is with you for a renewed and regenerated Ireland—an Ireland free from landlord heartlessness and sectarian bitterness. Poor Ulster, she is again blustering. She disgraced herself in 1868 by opposing the 'Disestablishment bill,' a measure that no one but a bigot or a tyrant could object to. Her present attitude is equally disgraceful, and I am satisfied it will be equally futile. Home Rule will become a law. My heart is with my countrymen in their desire for self-government. In their own Parliament they will be able to show their enemies how meanly they had been misjudged. In this crisis especially should Irishmen learn to stand by each other, and respect each other's rights and even prejudices. Old feuds should be buried; old war cries forgotten forever. There is no permanent prosperity for Ireland but in the union of her sons. For this I pray and labor, and to this I invite every true Irishman the world over."

This is the spirit that will give peace, liberty and prosperity to Ireland.

THE CLILDREN'S MASS.

BY W. S. D.

In the crisp, cold air of the wintry morn
The hurrying feet of the children pass,
And the frost's keen breath they smiling scorn,
In their bounding faith, as they crowd to mass.

Ah! that pealing bell from the steeple's height,
As I see the children thronging by,
Strikes mem'ry's ear like a dirge, for the flight
Of departed years, since a child was I.

And wide as the gulf 'tween earth and heaven,
That with timorous eye my soul surveys,
Have the tempests of life forever driven
Me far from the moorings of childhood's days.

In proud cathedral, with censers swinging,
I've stood enraptured, my heart aflame,
The swelling organ, the voices singing
Harmonious homage to "His Great Name."

But never a song of faith abiding,
In cathedral choir, can uplifted be
As th' "Our Father" of a child confiding
In faltering words at his mother's knee.

Tho' oft has art to my soul appealed,
With the painted canvas of Mary's face,
And in rev'rent silence low I kneeled
To the painter's dream of her wondrous grace;

Yet never so sweet and pure a thought
Of her virgin grace was in earthly shrine
As that first "Hail Mary" my lips were taught—
And her answ'ring smile to that prayer of mine.

The preacher, with words on soaring wing,
Hath wakened my slumbering soul to flight
From the fetters of sin, that ever cling
To life's endeavor toward heaven's true light.

But never has preacher in visions trod
With such steadfast gaze to the throne of grace,
As I when a child said 'I believe in God,"
For on tip-toe then I could see His face.

Lord, let not Thine anger for sloth and sin
Fall heavy on my soul, that shrinks with fear,
But when that hour approaches, to begin
That life eternal, that I sigh for here!

Look Thou with eye compassionate on me,
Forgetful of the days when sin beguiled,
And judge me as when at my mother's knee
I learned to lisp my prayers, a little child.

And when deep sleep shall fall upon mine eyes,
And earthly echoes fade upon mine ear,
Say Thou, All Merciful: "My child, arise,
And come unto thy Father without fear,"

NAMES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

Washington was originally from Wessyngton, an English manor of that name existing about the middle of the thirteenth century, whose owner took, according to custom, the title of the estate as surname.

Adams is of Hebrew origin, and the oldest of all proper names. It is derived from adama, red earth, from which the first man, Adam, was taken.

Jefferson is simply a corruption of Geoffrey, or Godfrey, a favorite name of the Middle Ages, meaning "God's peace."

Madison is also of Hebrew origin, and signifies "Matthew's son." The Conquest introduced Matthew as a proper name into England.

Monroe is an Irish name, taken from Mount Roe, a mountain in Ireland on the River Roe.

Jackson is literally the son of John or James. The French form of James, "Jacques," was brought into England by soldiers of the camp of the Black Prince and of Henry V., and its transition to our "Jack" was easy.

Van Buren is Dutch, and signifies of or belonging to the town of Buren, in Holland.

Harrison is partly Norman originally, and is the "son of Henry or Harry." Harry is from a Saxon word meaning "ever rich."

Tyler has a very plain significance, meaning simply "a layer of tiles."

Polk is an abbreviation of Pollock, from the parish of Pollock, in Scotland. The word is from the Gaelic "pollog," a little pond.

Taylor, like Tyler, is taken from the name of a trade.

Fillmore is of Saxon origin, "fille," fullness, and "mere," a moist piece of ground; literally a fertile piece of ground. It is also ascribed to the Celtic "filea," a bard, and "mor," great, a great bard or poet.

Pierce is one of the forms of Percy, the great English family of Northumberland, which took its name from Percy Forest, called probably from the German "pirsen," to hunt.

Buchanan was a parish in Sterling, Scotland, whose name's derivation is uncertain, but probably from the same root as Buchan, the Gaelic words being "boca," and "dier," a place full of deer.

Lincoln is from the Gaelic "lin," a lake, and "coln," the ridge of a hill. Lincoln in England is so named because it is on the top and side of a steep hill on the River Witham.

Johnson is merely "the son of John," and comes from the Hebrew.

Grant has three origins ascribed to it. The Saxon "grant," crooked; the Saxon name of Cambridge is Grantbridge, the old Irish dark, or swarthy, and the French "grand" great or large.

Hayes is of Anglo-Norman origin, and comes from "hay," a hedge or enclosure. The word "hayes" is used by Chaucer.

Garfield is from a Saxon word, "garwin," ready, prepared. It is also ascribed to the German "gar," and field, meaning a place where all is prepared for an army.

Arthur is British, and means a strong man, from "a," a man, and Thor, the German Jupiter.

Cleveland comes from Yorkshire, England, and it is a corruption of Cliffland. The Anglo-Saxon is a "cleve," a cliff, and "land," a people.—*Ex.*

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

A meeting of the Central Council of the Gaelic Athletic Association was held Tuesday night, at No. 81 South Clark street. Mr. J. W. Donnelly, president, occupied the chair. Delegates were present from eleven clubs. The regular schedule of games for next season, which will commence on May 7 at the Gaelic grounds, Thirty-seventh street and Indiana avenue, was discussed, and final action was deferred for a week. In the meantime arrangements were made for two football matches on Sunday the 16th inst., viz: O'Briens vs. Emmets; Liberators vs. O'Connells, and a hurling and football contest on Sunday week 23d inst., Davitts vs. Emeralds in football; Finertys vs. Innisfalls at hurling. Good contests are looked forward to. Respecting challenge from New York published in a Chicago paper some time since, the secretary was directed to communicate with Mr. Leddy, secretary of the New York branch, to obtain his views on the matter. After disposing of some routine business the meeting was declared adjourned.

The seventh grand reception of the Innisfail Gaelic Athletic Club will take place at Madison Hall, No. 146 West Madison street, on Saturday evening, the 15th inst. All necessary arrangements have been completed, and a grand success is anticipated. E. O'REILLY,
Rec. Sec. Innisfail Gaelic Club.

KOSCIUSKO'S GRAVE.

BY E. S. L. THOMPSON.

The "Mound of Kosciusko" stands on a hill a few miles distant from Cracow, the ancient capital of Poland. "For a thousand years this was the cradle, the stronghold and the cemetery of the old monarchs." All its surroundings even now proclaim its former greatness. The citizens were four years in the construction of this strange yet appropriate monument to the gallant Kosciusko. From its summit one has a view of historic and enchanting beauty. The spires of Cracow; the towers of the old palace rising upon the rock of Warrell, like the castle over Edinburg. The Vistula winding away among the valleys, and the distant ranges of the Carpathians presenting a most enchanting prospect. Standing by this mound to Kosciusko, we exclaim: "Could there have been a better monument than this raised to the patriot of Poland; composed of earth brought from all the battlefields and set in the midst of so many great and glorious associations?"

O, son of Valor, sweetly sleep
Beside Vistula's murmurs deep;
Here Cracow keeps her watch with thee,
Thou dauntless spirit of the free.
The very earth that guards thy clay,
Tells all the battles glorious day!
Ah, yet the "blue Carpathians thrill"
For thee—the son of Poland still!

Here in thy lowly sleep, besides
The Chieftains, rest thee, Poland's pride!
Arises now her crowned ways,
And all her famed and glorious days!
Sobieski and Casimir,
And all that died for love of her.
Here in the dim Cathedral's light,
Their laurels sunk in endless night!

When Warrell rocks are crowned with fire,
When sunset rests on church and spire,
The lances seem once more to flame,
In acclamation for thy name;
From strongholds old the monarchs rise
To brave the fate of fateful skies;
In losing yet thy losing won;
Brave soul—the friend of Washington!

—*Woman's Work.*

A SAD DEATH.

Miss Annie E. Smith, daughter of Joseph F. Smith, of Monroe street, died on Friday night at Jacksonville, Fla. Her remains will reach the city this morning on the early train from Chattanooga, and the funeral notice will be found in another column.

Miss Smith had an unusually large circle of friends and acquaintances and will be remembered by many on account of her beautiful voice, which has so often been heard in public concerts in this city. There were but few better singers in Nashville, and none who was more ready than she. Annie Smith, to lend help to any charitable or church entertainment. Hers was for several years the leading voice in the choir of the Second Presbyterian church, and she also sang in the Cathedral choir and also for a time at St. Patrick's church. Since last summer she had been suffering with a throat trouble which finally culminated in quick consumption. In February she went to Ocala, Fla., accompanied by her mother, hoping to obtain relief but without success, as she gradually grew worse, and on Thursday her mother started home with her. When reaching Jacksonville, however, she was sinking so rapidly that they were compelled to stop, and during the succeeding night she died. The deceased was a beautiful girl in the bloom of young womanhood with a large and admiring circle of friends who will deeply mourn her early death.—*Nashville American, April 9.*

THE ORANGE CATHOLICS.

The Skibbereen *Eagle* says: The Press Association learns that an extensive movement will be at once started to promote a monster petition against the Home Rule bill, to be signed exclusively by Roman Catholic Unionists of both sexes all over the Kingdom. The petition will be accompanied by the following address: "To Our Fellow Roman Catholics in Ireland," signed by a large number of leading Roman Catholics. The first six signatures are those of peers, and among the remainder is a son of the famous Daniel O'Connell.

"TO OUR FELLOW ROMAN CATHOLICS IN IRELAND: As a false impression has been created that the contest upon the Home Rule bill is in reality only a contest between a Roman Catholic majority and a Protestant minority, we have thought it right, in order to make their position clear, that Irish Roman Catholic Unionists should have an opportunity of joining in a separate and distinct petition to Parliament against the bill. While deprecating certain anti-Catholic utterances to which the excitement of the moment may have given rise, we are, so far as our objections to Home Rule rest, upon purely secular considerations, heartily in accordance with our fellow Unionists. More than this, we believe that Home Rule, if imposed upon Ireland, would, under the peculiar conditions of the country, foster a revolutionary spirit disastrous to the true interests of our religion. We, therefore, invite other Roman Catholics in Ireland to join us in signing the petition, a copy of which is appended to this letter.

Signed: Daniel O'Connell, D.L., Derrynane; Fingall, Killeen Castle, county Meath; Kenmare, Killarney, county Kerry; Louth, Louth Hall, Ardee; Emly Trevoe, Limerick.

De Freyne, French Park, Roscommon; Westmeath, Pallas, Galway; Count De La Poer, D.L., Gurteen, county Waterford; John Harold Barry, Cork; C. B. Bellew, Dunleer, county Meath; Henry Grattan Bellew, Bart., Mount Bellew, county Galway; J. Ross, of Bladensburg, Rostrevor House, county Down; John V. Cassidy, No. 53 Upper Mount street, Dublin; W. H. F. Cogan, P. C. Tinod, county Dublin; F. R. Cruise, M. D., No. 73 Merrion square, Dublin; S. DeVere, Bart., D. L. Foynes, Limerick; E. Dease, D. L., Rath House, Ballybrittas, Queens county; Gerald Dease, Colonel, The Abbey, Celbridge, county Kildare; John Arthur Farrell, D. L., Moynalty, county Meath; Laaffe, Ferrall, D. L., No. 73 Merrion square, Dublin; Percy R. Grace, Bart., D. L., Boley, Monkstown, county Dublin; R. Ashurst Gradwell, Dowth Hall, county Meath; Stephen Grehan, D. L., Clonmeen, Banteer, county Cork; William Kenny, M.P., 35 Fitzwilliam place, Dublin; J. MacDermott, J. P., Ramore, Ballinasloe; Charles Martin, 12 Fitzwilliam place, Dublin; Richard Martin, Bart., 81 Merrion Square, Dublin; Maurice Murray, D.L., Beech Hill, Cork; Thos. More Madden, M.D., 55 Merrion Sqr., Dublin; Maurice O'Connell, Bart., Lakeview, county Kerry; John Talbot, Talbot Castle, Enniscorthy; A. Moore O'Ferrall, D. L., Ballyna, Enfield, county Meath; Philip O'Reilly, D.L., Coolamber, county Westmeath; James Talbot Power, D.L., Leopardstown Park, county Dublin; R. J. Rice, J. P., Bushmount, Lixnaw, county Kerry; John Smithwick, D. L., Kilereen Lodge, Kilkenny; John Sugrue, D.L., 9 Sydney place, Cork; Nicholas Synnott, Lincoln's Inn, London; John White, D.L., Nantenou, county Limerick; Piers F. White, Q.C., 12 Fitzwilliam Square, East Dublin; John J. White, D.L., Loughbrickland, county Down.

MARTIN BURKE,
RICHARD FARRELL, } Hon. Secs.
109 Graton street, Dublin.

It would be worth while for the ladies to bear in mind that if they take a gentle course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the spring, they will have no trouble with "prickly heat," "hives," "sties," "boils," or "black heads," when summer comes. Preventive is better than cure.

Patrick Kelly Released.

An inquest was held Tuesday afternoon on the body of 6-year-old Charles Dougherty, of Evanston, who, it was thought, died from the effects of whisky given him by Patrick Kelly. Dr. Mitchell held a post-mortem examination on the body and found no signs of whisky about the stomach, but from an examination of the brain concluded that the child died from meningitis. The jury returned a verdict accordingly, and Kelly was released. Kelly admitted at the inquest that he gave the boy whisky, but said that a spoonful was the extent of the dose.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

If the hair is falling out, or turning gray, requiring a stimulant with nourishing and coloring food, Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is just the specific.

THE LAST NIGHT AT HOME.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

Ah me! but the blackened rafters rang
With our mirth that autumn night,
By the shining hearth the cricket sang,
And the turf-fire sparkled bright;
Hnd I often close my wearied eyes
In this land o'er the blue sea's foam,
Till visions sweet in my mind arise
Of that last, last night at home.

Then the fiddler sits in my father's seat,
And the kindly neighbors all,
When the floor is cleared for the dancers' feet,
Are ranged by each whitewashed wall;
To say "God-speed" in their simple way
Have the friends of my childhood come,
And to make the hours all bright and gay
Of that night in my old home.

I can see the lads and lasses wheel
In the dance on the earthen floor,
As the "slanthy," jig, and merry reel
Are called for o'er and o'er.
And I often hear in the lonely hours,
While the tear-drops dim my sight,
The songs of that dear old land of ours
That were sung by the hearth that night.

But, ah, in the pause of the song or dance
I can hear my mother's sighs,
I can see her loving, tearful glance,
Hear her words of counsel wise:
In joyous bliss or in misery,
And wherever my footsteps roam,
The memory shall be dear to me
Of that last night at home.

DUNGANNON, Ireland.

Daly Asserts His Innocence.

LONDON, April 10.—Thomas O'Gorman of the Amnesty Association, has received a letter from John Daly, the Irish dynamiter now in Portland prison. Daly reiterates his statement that both he and James Egan were the innocent victims of a police plot. He admits that he placed in Egan's garden the bottle of nitro-glycerine which was the cause of Egan's conviction.

Information Wanted.

Will J. J. Coleman, formerly of Limerick, Ireland, and when last heard from was employed at McCoy's European hotel, or any of his acquaintances correspond with his brother, C. F. COLEMAN, 215 Cumberland street, Portland, Me.

T. Shea, Tailor.
126 Madison-st
We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60. also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

IMPORTANT.

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ESTATE OF JOHN LAVERY, DECEASED —All persons having claims against the estate of John Lavery, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1893, being the 15th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, March 28, 1893.
ELLEN LAVERY,
Administratrix of said estate.
E. J. McArdle, Attorney for said estate.

ESTATE OF CHARLES H. REUTER, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Charles H. Reuter, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A.D. 1893, being the 15th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, March 24, 1893.
JANE REUTER,
Administratrix of said estate.
E. J. McArdle, Attorney for estate.

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THE BACKLOG FIRE.

I'm in for progress and all that,
Nor with a scientist would spat
Unless he should arouse my ire
By sneezing at the backlog fire.

None ever prized improvements more
Than I do—when they save a "chore"—
But let none of 'em dare aspire
To get beyond a backlog fire.

The hotel "lift" and pyroscaph,
The engine and the telegraph—
These works I praise of steam and wire,
But also, please, the backlog fire.

The phonograph and autophone—
All Edison's electric zone—
Are welcome if they don't conspire
Against the rare old backlog fire.

Your patent heaters, low down grates
And oil stoves make not rueful mates,
But when I tune my golden lyre
I'll sing about the backlog fire.

Fashion's votaries flutter roun.
The register when "teas" abound;
They favor not the meek attire
That best befits a backlog fire.

Ices and bonbons, fancy fruit
And dainty cigarettes to boot
Are apt to wear an aspect dire
If served beside a backlog fire.

But if a tale you like to hear,
Crack nuts, eat apples, make good cheer,
Then have the crown of all desire—
A blazing, roaring backlog fire.
—William Struthers in Detroit Free Press.

HER COMPLEXION.

Mrs. Redmayne was decidedly pretty. She dressed well and was very careful in wearing only the colors that suited her. She was a fragile, delicate looking little woman and affected half lights, like a rare fern; the strong sunlight with its fierce glare did not suit her. Her little drawing room—"my little nest," as she used to call it—was shaded by heavy lace curtains; stained glass, Japanese screens and a thousand and one pretty things, each interesting and beautiful in its way, were crammed into it; but not one of the pretty trifles was half so interesting and beautiful as pretty little Mrs. Redmayne herself.

She was a pathetic creature, too, doubly fascinating, doubly dangerous, when narrating the troubles and trials she had experienced during her married life, and with her troubles and trials she was accustomed to entertain her numerous adorers in the drawing room of her little bijou residence in Blank street, Mayfair. There was something almost intoxicating in the heavy odor of sandalwood and potpourri mixed which pervaded the apartment.

Mrs. Redmayne herself, like most eminent consulting physicians, never received more than one patient at a time. Her visitors were all men—not that there was anything shady about Mrs. Redmayne, but she did not encourage lady callers. She invited a few female intimates to dinner, but she took very good care that those ladies whom she distinguished by her friendship should be good talkers and at all events plain enough to act as foils.

The real fact is that Mrs. Redmayne had married the justice because he was reputed to be a very wealthy man, and Cissy Redmayne herself, as a girl, had known all the real bitterness of poverty, being a poor curate's daughter. Justice Redmayne's income was very large when he married the pauper curate's only child. Though he was 60, and an experienced man of the world, it was purely a love match on his side. Till she was 17 Miss Cissy had dreamed of pretty frocks and a pretty house, of good living, of an endless succession of balls and entertainments and of the public recognition of her own beauty.

In marrying Justice Redmayne she secured all these things and escaped from cold mutton and penury. But the justice, though he fondly loved his pocket Venus of a wife, loved old port wine still better, and after 10 years of happiness the justice fell a victim to his favorite poison and left Cissy £5,000 in hard cash and the freehold of the little house in Mayfair. And then Mrs. Redmayne made the following simple calculation, "I can live at the rate of £3,000 a year for three years, somebody worth having will marry me in that time, and if I fail to find the somebody I must throw up the game and go back to papa and cold mutton."

From this it will be seen that pretty Mrs. Redmayne was a practical minded little woman. She had been quite right. Several somebodies and a good many nobodies had paid her a great deal of attention, but not one of the somebodies got half so much encouragement as Lieutenant and Captain Strongithearm of her majesty's Carpet Warriors. To be a Carpet Warrior nowadays needs a considerable deal of money, blood or interest; Jack Strongithearm had money and interest too.

He was a fool, but the mere fact of his being a fool by no means disqualified him for the Carpet Warriors. They have their own special club, where they drink magnums of costly dark and peculiarly dry champagne for lunch; they play whist there on an afternoon and baccarat, nap and marmora until the small hours of the morning, and a good deal of money changes hands. As a rule, save for the wealthy, three years as a Carpet Warrior is seldom exceeded—a man either marries, exchanges into a cheaper regiment or bursts up. It is a short life and a merry one, and it is a very great privilege indeed to be a Carpet Warrior at all.

Now, Lieutenant and Captain Strongithearm, being wealthy, was quite a veteran among the Warriors; he had been 10 years in the regiment, and he was deservedly looked up to by his brother officers as a connoisseur and judge of beauty. He was very critical and terribly hard to please. He it was who had blasted the chances of Lady Dorothy Fitz-Urse when he gave her the nickname of "Dolly the Dairymaid" and likened her lovely pink and white complexion to strawberries and cream. Many had been the nets laid by wily mothers for that too wary bird, Captain Strongithearm, but no one, till he met Mrs. Redmayne, had succeeded in putting salt upon his tail. But Strongithearm was very far gone indeed upon the widow.

Twice during the justice's lifetime had he solemnly entreated her to fly with him. On the first occasion she had simply replied, "If you were not so terribly tall, I'd box your ears." The second time he had been shown the door and Justice Redmayne's wife had cut him for a whole month. Nothing increases a man's affection like a real good snubbing, and Captain Strongithearm, now she was a widow, not only fervently loved Mrs. Redmayne—he actually reverenced her. He assiduously paid her court. He was never tired of dancing attendance upon the little widow, and he praised her till his brother officers were sick of her very name. And now he was her accepted lover, and although their marriage was not announced it was tacitly understood.

Strongithearm had but one failing; he smoked morning, noon and night. It was a real grievance to him that the queen's regulations did not allow him to smoke on parade. Now, Mrs. Redmayne hated tobacco, and ever since his courtship Strongithearm had become a non-smoker for her dear sake. It was a severe penance to him, but he bore it like a man; he suffered in silence and never complained.

But one fatal afternoon Strongithearm was tempted and Strongithearm fell. A very exalted personage, indeed, was accustomed occasionally to drop into the Warriors' club. Once inside its exclusive walls the exalted personage used to unbend and become very much like an ordinary mortal. His proceedings were always exactly the same. He would take up his position in front of the fire or at the window, according to the season of the year, order a brandy and soda, pull out his cigar case and politely offer a cigar to one of the Warriors, and then for the next half hour the distinguished personage was but an ordinary member of the club. But there is an etiquette even in little things.

No one had ever been known to refuse to smoke the offered regalia—it was a kind of royal command which could not be disobeyed—and so it happened that Strongithearm, who had been innocently sitting at the window waiting for Mrs. Redmayne's little victoria to pass found himself the recipient of the royal bounty in the shape of a very dark looking Havana of exquisite flavor. There was nothing for it. The captain lighted up with a smile and a groan, and all the other Warriors envied him his luck, and then he and the distinguished personage continued to stare out of the window and criticise the passersby.

They had not been three minutes there when the little victoria flashed past, with its cockaded coachman and its pair of fiery chestnuts. The big pink sunshade was tilted on one side, and pretty little Mrs. Redmayne looked up at the window and smiled. Then Strongithearm blushed to his ears and returned her salute, as did the distinguished personage at his side.

"I fancy that bow was meant for you. You're a lucky fellow, Captain Strongithearm. Ahem! Who is she?"

Strongithearm would have liked to lie to him, but that unfortunately is contrary to etiquette. "Widow of Justice Redmayne," he replied. "At least I believe so."

"Seemed to know one of us at all events," said the distinguished personage. "Splendid complexion. Wonder if it is her own?"

"Oh, it's perfectly genuine," blurted out Strongithearm, and then he felt that he had made an ass of himself.

The president of the Warriors' club (he was likewise the titular colonel of the regiment) looked annoyed. He did not say anything, however, but went on calmly fumigating himself and Captain Strongithearm. Strongithearm would have bolted if he had dared, but the stern, unwritten law of tyrant custom forbade it.

"I wonder whether her complexion would stand the clove test," said the distinguished personage. "It's a wonderful thing, that clove test," he continued, with the air of one about to impart a scientific fact. "You know the clove test, Captain Strongithearm?"

The distinguished personage, like the rest of his family, hardly ever forgets a name.

"Can't say I do, your"——

"Not know the clove test? I've known it ever since I was a boy!" burst in the other. "It's an invaluable thing to know—an infallible test. You get a clove, you know, and you've only got to get near enough to the suspected cheek—and that's not generally so very difficult, by gad!—and just to breathe upon it, and if it's paint it turns black at once."

And there was instantly a chorus of testimony to the truth of the distinguished personage's assertion from the Warriors present.

"You don't seem to be getting on with that weed," continued the Distinguished Personage; "try another," and out came the hospitable cigar case.

There was nothing for it. "To hear is to obey" is in London as solemn a duty as at the sublime porte. Strongithearm accepted the cigar, and this time took good care not to let it go out. The conversation then became general, and the distinguished personage having turned his back for an instant, Captain Strongithearm seized the opportunity to make his escape.

And as he went down the stairs of the Warriors' club his soul was tortured by unworthy suspicions. Was it possible that Cissy Redmayne's complexion was not her own? "At any rate," thought the captain to himself, "I'll get some cloves. It'll take the beastly smell of the smoke away anyhow." And he went into the nearest chemists and made his purchase. Then he had his hair brushed at Douglas' and was vsporized with strong odors, and he bought a squeezer of "The Exclusive Bouquet" from the young lady with the ringlets, and then he jumped into a cab and drove straight to Mayfair, and in the cab he deodorized his garments to the best of his ability with the pungent perfume and munched away at his packet of cloves.

The captain was not unexpected. There was pretty little Mrs. Redmayne in a very low chair indeed, her little Dresden tea equipage upon a toy tea table of bamboo plush and embroidery. There were only two teacups, so the captain must certainly have been expected.

Never had Cissy Redmayne looked so charming. A crimson satin tea gown would be trying to most women, but the tea gown and the old lace with which it was trimmed suited Cissy Redmayne's blond beauty, and as he gazed at her with a lover's eyes the enamored captain swore to himself that he had never seen so pretty a picture as that formed by Cissy and her artistic surroundings. The heavy odor of sandalwood seemed to act like an intoxicant to the gallant officer, and when the little Louis Quinze shoe, with it coral buckle, was innocently protruded the captain felt that he was the luckiest of men.

"You hardly noticed me, Captain Strongithearm," said Mrs. Redmayne, with a little pout, "when I passed the club windows this afternoon. I can quite understand it. I recognised him at once. I could see the people taking off their hats a hundred yards off. Oh, Jack, how I envied you!"

"So did he, I think, when you bowed," he replied, with a smile.

"You're quite a classic Warrior today, Captain Strongithearm. How you've scented yourself! I've been reading 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' and I know that they went in for it tremendously in those days. Why, you're 'perfumed like a milliner,' as Shakespeare—or was it Bacon?—says. You needn't stroke my hand as if it were a kitten. What a very curious perfume, Captain Jack!"

"The fact is, Cissy, that he who must be obeyed always drinks gin and cloves of an afternoon."

When a Carpet Warrior stoops to a lie, he prefers to use a good large one.

"I like him for that," she said; "there's a touching humility about it that I admire."

"Yes, and of course we all have to do the same—out of tumblers, you know, no heel taps," said Strongithearm, expanding his lie as if it were a concertina. "Now let's talk about ourselves," he said affectionately. "Cissy, dear, why should we shilly shally any longer? I'm not eloquent, Cissy."

"Don't talk of eloquence," said Mrs. Redmayne petulantly. "The poor justice lived by it, and I know exactly what it's worth," and she drew her lace handkerchief across her eyes as a tribute to the memory of the departed.

"I'm a plain man," continued the captain as he expanded his mighty chest.

"You're the only person who thinks so," said Mrs. Redmayne, with a little purr of pleased proprietorship.

"Awfully good of you, I'm sure," said the captain. "You don't help a fellow a bit, Cissy. What I wanted to say was"—and the traitor slid his chair close to hers, keeping tight hold of her hand all the time. "I'll whisper it, Cissy," he said, and his voice trembled in its excitement.

The poor little woman turned her cheek toward him. She thought the wretch was going to kiss her, and she was nothing loth. Such innocent familiarities are very dear to engaged persons. A smile of anticipatory pleasure stole over her countenance as she felt his hot breath upon her cheek. And then she gave a little scream of terror as he suddenly dropped her hand with a military objurgation.

"Cissy—Mrs. Redmayne," he exclaimed. "Good heavens," and then he became scarlet in his indignation.

"Captain Strongithearm," said Mrs. Redmayne severely as she rose to her feet in mingled astonishment and terror, "you ought not to have come here. You've been drinking. Don't deny it, Jack," she added excitedly; "you look exactly like poor old Redmayne used to look when he returned from the monthly dinners. But Justice Redmayne drank port wine, like a gentleman; he didn't fuddle himself with gin and cloves."

"I haven't been drinking, Mrs. Redmayne. Farewell, Cissy," he added tragically; "we shall never meet again, except in society. Look in your glass, unhappy woman, and you will learn the dreadful truth. Farewell forever!" and seizing his hat he rushed from the room.

Mrs. Redmayne turned in astonishment to the mirror. What could those terrible words mean? Alas! one side of her face was covered by a hideous, smutty looking discoloration. Little Mrs. Redmayne gave an eldritch scream and fell fainting in a heap on the white bearskin hearth rug.

He never told her secret, for Jack Strongithearm was a gentleman. Pretty little Mrs. Redmayne had played her cards and lost the game. Within the twelvemonth the brokers were in the little bijou house in Mayfair, and Cissy Redmayne returned to her papa, the curate, and the cold mutton. She does a great deal of good in the parish and is a pretty, soft eyed little woman still, a trifle pale perhaps, for she never seeks to paint the lily now, knowing as she does that the clove test is infallible.—C. J. Wills in Argonaut.

Wholesale Prescribing.

Lean Customer—I want some medicine or something that will put more flesh on my bones.

Medicine Dealer (filling bottle from large glass jar)—This will fix you. Take a tablespoonful three times a day, eat plenty of soup, meat, leguminous vegetables, wheat bread and fruits and abstain from energetic exercise. 2s. 9d. Thanks.

Fat Customer (five minutes later)—I want something that will relieve me of this superfluous fat.

Medicine Dealer (filling bottle from the same large glass jar)—This will fix you. Take a teaspoonful three times a day, abstain from soup, meat, leguminous vegetables, wheat bread and fruits and take plenty of energetic exercise. 2s. 9d. Thanks.—London Tit-Bits.

Hicks' Opinion.

"What a sense of exhilaration a man must feel when he walks into the White House for the first time after his inauguration and realizes that he is president of the United States. What do you suppose a man thinks about on his first night there?" said Hawley.

"His second term," replied Hicks.—Life.

A BACHELOR'S MUSE.

NO LACK OF SENTIMENTALITY IN A DULL MAN'S REVERIE.

An Estimate of Women That Appears Ludicrous to the Student of Changing Conditions—A Few Criticisms and Reminders For the Single Man.

However little may be the logic displayed by those who argue against equal rights, it is certain that there is no lack of sentimentality on their side. In "A Bachelor's Reverie" the bachelor laments the fact that woman's work now is whatever she chooses to select and sighs for the old fashioned woman who had no ambitions. Judging from another part of the reverie the old time woman had ambitions, but they were scrictly of the domestic order.

Her first ambition was to be a wife, second a mother, third a mother again, fourth again a mother, fifth once more a mother, sixth a mother, seventh a mother, eighth a mother once more, ninth a maternal parent, tenth a parent on the mother's side, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth ditto, ditto, ditto. These numerous but rather monotonous ambitions were cherished, it is to be supposed, in memory of the Emperor Napoleon, who once informed Mme. de Stael that "the finest woman is the one who gives the most children to her country."

This estimate of women, which may be called the Dorking hen estimate, is ludicrous because it is the limitation of a limitation. It is safe to assert that the emperor's famous saying is in greater favor with bachelors of dreamy tendencies than with parents of practical minds. The most enthusiastic mother builds up her hopes on the quality, not the number of her offspring, and the best mothers train their girls for motherhood no more carefully than they train their boys for fatherhood.

"Life approaches its sere and barren stage," continues the dreamer, "when man is forced to meet loveliness in the guise of a competitor." It does seem unfortunate that loveliness should occasionally have to compete, but if her husband does not support her or if she has no husband she must choose between being a competitor with a man or a financial dependent on him. Sere and barren as it may be for man to meet loveliness in the guise of a competitor, it is even more sere to be forced to meet the same loveliness in the guise of half a dozen ablebodied feminine dependents.

"The young girl," muses the bachelor, "with a mind divided between office and love could never be the embalmed essence of all that is adorable, the inspiration to all that is worth living for." That depends entirely on the girl. It is a foregone conclusion that her mind will not be divided very long.

If she decides on the office, she may become the embalmed essence of all that is clear headed and true hearted, the inspiration to all high thinking and right doing. If she prefers the other alternative, the fact that she once aspired to office will broaden her interest in affairs, rescue her from the narrow mindedness which is too often the accompaniment of a monotonous domestic routine and keep her thoughts securely above tatting and tattle.

We have no grudge against the embalmed essence of all that is adorable. Accompanied by a large mental grasp, an accurate knowledge of what is being thought and done by the world's best thinkers and workers and a livelier interest in the universe than in one small person inside of it, the embalmed essence would be rather taking. Otherwise it amounts to no more than so much blanc mange.

Just before rousing from his reverie the bachelor points out that several women in the world's history have endeavored to meddle in its affairs and always with deplorable results. It would be easy to give a larger list of women who had been political benefactors, but such an argument is no more worthy of consideration than the argument that because there are hypocrites in the church therefore the church is rotten, or that because there are quacks physicians should not be trusted, or that because there is bad money in circulation one should empty one's pocketbook into the fire.

But we are taking the reverie too seriously. Dreams, however fantastic, are always laughed at when the sleeper awakes and by no one so heartily as by the dreamer himself.—Wives and Daughters.

A Punctilious Man.

A card should be turned down at the upper left hand corner when a call is made in person and the recipient is not at home. An amusing case of the punctiliousness with which this rule is observed in Europe is that of an old Spanish gentleman who went to pay his devotions at the shrine of a saint, but discovered that the church was undergoing repairs and that there was no priest officiating at the altar. Unwilling to lose credit for his devout intentions, he drew a visiting card from his pocket, and carefully turning down the corner reverently deposited it on the altar.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Advice to a Would Be Lawyer.

A correspondent asks, "How would you advise a young man of moderate means, desiring to become a lawyer, to proceed?" We would advise him not to proceed. Of course if he shows signs of becoming a good and great lawyer, he might properly borrow money, make his way to the bar and repay the loan as he can. But for most men of moderate circumstances who seek, as you do, "free legal education," our advice is to give up the idea. There are enough poor lawyers now. There are too many lawyers, for that matter. Very few can do more than earn their salt.—New York Sun.

His Recommendation.

Priscilla—Tell me honestly what qualification has your fiance for a husband?

Prunella—Experience. He has been married three times before.—Vogue.

Outpost Duty In the Russian Army.

In the German army every soldier is taught to act intelligently on outpost service and in scouting operations, and this is not too much to require in a country where every soldier reads and writes and can readily understand a map and compass. In Russia, however, where nine-tenths of the people cannot read or write and have lost the faculty of thinking consecutively, the army cannot teach the soldier much more than to move as with a machine. In order to have a force of good men for picket work and advance skirmishing they have adopted this plan:

Each company sends four of its most intelligent men to a select body called the scouting corps, and as the Russian regiment has four battalions, with four companies each, that gives a regimental scout force of 64. This service is very popular, for it is full of variety, and though the hardship is great the food is good, for hunting and fishing are in the programme. The men are practiced in every kind of woodcraft and are expected to develop as much ingenuity and self reliance as an Indian scout in our service. They must sail, row, swim, climb, find their way by map and compass, slip through the enemy's lines, procure every variety of information and escape capture at all hazards.—Poultney Bigelow in Harper's.

Over the Telephone.

He—Hullo.

She—Hullo.

He—Is that you, Miss Barker?

She—Yes. I'm me. Who is this?

He—Shall you be at home this evening?

She—That depends on who you are. Who are you?

He—Don't you recognize my voice?

She—I don't know. It sounds like Charlie Higgins' voice. Are you Charlie Higgins?

He—No. I'm not Charlie Higgins. I am Mr. Browne.

She—Jimmy Browne?

He—No. George.

She—Yes, I'm home. Are you coming around?

He—I don't know. Shall I?

She—Oh, I don't care. Very glad to see you if you come.

He—Then I'll be there about 8.

She—All right. Come early.

He—Yes—er—do you think you'd care to go to the theater with my mother and me?

She—I don't know.

He—Well—if you'll say you'll go, I'll stop on the way up and get the tickets.

She—Well—I—I can't say, Mr. Browne. I don't think I—I don't think I can, but—hullo—say, George, you might get the tickets anyway.—Harper's Bazar.

An "Office Cat" Worth Having.

A parsonage cat whose favorite seat is on the study table has found a new use for himself. He watches his master's pen and occasionally, when the writer is tired, takes the holder in his mouth. But his real usefulness is to act as a paperweight. When a sheet is finished and laid aside, the cat walks gravely to it and takes his seat on the paper. As soon as another is laid aside, he leaves the first and sits down on the second. Sometimes, to try him, his master lays down on different parts of the table sheets in rapid succession. But "Powhatan"—the cat—remains seated, shrewdly supposing that to be fun, not business. When work begins anew, the cat seats himself on the last paper laid down and waits for another. Thus he shows that he watches his master's work, and perhaps thinks it his duty to keep the paper from blowing away.—St. Nicholas.

Valuable Insects.

Perhaps there are few substances contributed by animals to the materia medica of greater value or more extensively beneficial than certain species of insects. Of these there are none more highly esteemed for medical purposes than those beautiful, shining, green colored insects known as blistering beetles, or cantharides. Their corrosive action is so great that they frequently inflame and excoriate the hands of those who collect them, and on this property their chief medicinal virtue depends.

They are generally used in the form of plasters or ointment, and in cases of violent visceral inflammation their external use can scarcely be supplied by any other medicine. Tons of these insects are yearly imported, principally from southern Europe.—London Tit-Bits.

Where Asbestus Is Found.

Asbestus, which has come to be largely utilized by electrical engineers, is one of the most interesting substances employed in the arts. Many new beds of this material are being discovered, but except from the Canadian and Italian beds the specimens secured are practically useless for manufacture. Large quantities of floss and powder asbestus are obtained from the district of the Susa valley, Piedmont, and in the second district, about 30 miles long, in the Aosta valley, the deposits are said to be practically inexhaustible. A third district, which is still more important, centers at Valtellina, the route to which passes Milan and Como to Colico. The Canadian deposits are in the Black Lake district, between Quebec and Sherbrooke.—New York Telegram.

A Pathetic Bankrupt.

There are few things in real life more pathetic than the speech of Mr. Munro, who three years ago was worth $500,000, and was prime minister of Victoria. At a temperance meeting in Melbourne he is reported to have said: "I came to Melbourne over 30 years ago with hardly a penny in my pocket. I worked hard as a workingman, and received every honor which a free state could confer on any of its citizens, until at last I had the highest position in the land. Now I stand before you, 61 years of age, without a shilling in my pocket. For the first time in my life, through liabilities which I undertook, never expecting to be called upon to meet them, I am unable to pay 20 shillings in the pound."—St. James Gazette.

PARLIAMENTARY HUMORS.

Historical Incidents That Relieved the Tedium of Political Debate.

The house of commons now scruples to adjourn on account of Derby day, but in early times it indulged in a holiday upon occasions which modern readers must consider still more strangely inadequate. Horace Walpole mentions in his memoirs that in March, 1751, the house adjourned to attend at Drury Lane theater, where Othello was to be acted by a Mr. Delaval and his family.

Again in February, 1781, a bill introduced by Mr. Burke with reference to the civil list was read for the first time, but the second reading was deferred to that day fortnight, "because the 21st was to be a feast day and the 22d was the benefit of Mme. Vestris, the favorite French dancer at the opera."

Even when in session the house was much given to amuse itself with petty or frivolous incidents, as is shown by some singular entries preserved in the official records. Under date May, 1604, it is noted that a jackdaw flew in at the window. This was considered ominous, and apparently it proved a bad omen for the bill in debate, as the measure was soon afterward rejected. Again we are told by the veracious state chronicler that in May, 1614, "a dog came into the house, a strange spaniel, mouse colored."

About 170 years later it is recorded that another canine intruder entered the house, taking his seat before the speaker and all the government. Not content to remain a silent spectator, the dog joined in the proceedings by barking loudly. Lord North, then prime minister, was speaking and jocularly appealed to the speaker, saying, "Sir, I am interrupted by a new member."

The dog unabashed did not take the hint, but resumed his barking, whereupon the good humored premier kept up the joke, protesting that "the new member had no right to speak twice in the same debate." In much more recent times almost equally trifling episodes have been known to relieve mightily the tedium of political contention.—Chambers' Journal.

Eggs In the Nest of the Pelican.

I have been informed that the brown pelicans steal eggs from one another's nests in order to fill their complements, or at least take possession of those they find lying on the ground and roll them into their nests. Although this does not seem at all likely for various reasons, I cannot dispute it authoritatively, and, moreover, there were strong proofs that such was the case in many nests that I examined in Florida. These nests, which were near together, often contained four eggs, never more, one to three of which were ready to hatch, the others being fresh or nearly so.

And, again, there would be eggs in the same nest with young over a week old or young of ages quite 10 days' variation. But one point was ever observable, the young or eggs or both, never exceeded four in number, showing, even if the charge of abduction is proven, that the old birds know their limit.—Dr. Marion Gibbs in Science.

When Oysters Were Used For Fuel.

The "raising" of ore and the manufacture of iron therefrom was the leading industry of south Jersey during the early part of this century. Charcoal was the fuel used and coalings were common throughout the "Pines." An active coaling is now seldom seen. Shells were hauled by wagon or rowed and poled by scow from the seashore for a flux, the oyster then being of more value for that purpose than for food. Better oysters could be picked from those shell heaps than can be bought at the stands today.

In a memorandum kept by the "master ore raiser" for one of the largest furnaces there are many interesting notices of large quantities of clams and rum bought and sold, but the oyster is never mentioned. These account books were decorated with the pictures of soldiers and warships, showing well the prevailing thought of those days.—John Gifford in Popular Science Monthly.

Look to Your Necktie.

A well dressed man needs to give attention to three details of his dress—his hat, his necktie and his shoes. He ought to be particular about his gloves too. The necktie is the all important. A new philosopher of clothes insists that every work of art demands a point of rest—a pivotal spot from which all the rest of the composition derives its significance. That point of rest he locates in the necktie. It is poor economy, this philosopher claims, to wear anything but the best neckties, no matter how expensive these may be. If it is cheap and shabby the entire wardrobe takes on that aspect. If it is rich and carefully disposed, even if the other garments are mediocre, it gives the impression of care and richness. So look to your necktie, Horatio.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Materials For the Dinner.

The materials for dinner should be the best obtainable, the meat good and the vegetables fresh. The cooking should be carefully and properly done. Indigestible things, or those which disagree with the individual, should be eschewed. After the meal, the diner should rest or have some light occupation for an hour, or, still better, two. He should neither undertake active physical exercise—not even moderately rapid walking—nor should he study, think over business or occupy his mind seriously in any way.—Boston Courier.

Making Over Old Electric Lamps.

It is said that a German firm in Munich is making a business of renewing the filament of incandescent lamps by a process which costs 25 per cent less than the operation of making new lamps. An opening is made in the glass globe at the upper end. The old filament is removed and a new one inserted, the latter being secured to the leading in wires by means of a new cement, which becomes a conductor when a current is passed through it. The lamp is sealed and exhausted as usual.—New York Telegram.

HIS RAILROAD FRIEND.

A Case in Which Cash, Not Friendship, Won the Day for an Actor.

Probably the funniest experience I ever played part in while traveling was the one that occurred in Kansas City two or three seasons ago, when a nice, smooth faced, brotherly restaurant keeper nearly succeeded in holding me prisoner for the night, and I am not prepared to state what he might have done with me next day.

I won a big bet that day, and had proceeded with a number of my friends to the largest cafe in town, where I had invited them to assist in the destruction of my newly born roll after the play.

Well, we arrived at the restaurant in good form. In the party were three ladies and three gentlemen, just making up a nice table. The proprietor saw us coming, and meeting us at the door, led the way to the table he had prepared for us as agreed earlier in the day. Of course this table was pretty well decorated and the people about the cafe, which was crowded, were anxious to know who I was, as I seemed to be the leader.

"What, that fellar there?" inquired the proprietor, after an inquiry had been addressed to him. "Oh, he's an old friend of mine; uster go ter school tergether. But he's the president of the Union Pacific now, just in town for a day or so, dining at my place every night."

I don't know whether it was intended we should hear this or not, but we could not help hearing it, and the boys offered a toast to their friend the president.

Finally discovering that the waiters were secretly falling asleep on the backs of their chairs and that, the hour being late, the other guests were leaving, we had one more toast and then prepared to depart. My friends stepped outside, where they were to await me after I had dispensed of some of my stock, being a railroad president, and I walked up to the restaurateur, feeling in my pockets for my roll, which seemed to be playing hide and seek with me.

Finally I had to admit that I couldn't find a cent.

"What!" said my schoolmate friend, "this is a fine thing to do. Yer can't play a trick like this with me. Yer know bloody well yer had no money in yer clothes when yer walked in here."

I tried to remonstrate with him and recalled our going to school together. This rather touched him for a moment, but proved to be only while he was inventing a way out of it, and as I expected he announced it a case of mistaken identity and disowned me for being "his railway president friend who went to school with him."

"Now you can just seat yourself right here and let the people look at the biggest skin in town until yer find money ter pay yer bill," and the people all looked with a vengeance.

Just then in walked one of my friends, who must have been standing near by, as he knew the situation perfectly. He stepped up to the proprietor, paid the bill out of a good life sized roll and handed me the remainder. Then I caught on, but said nothing until I got him outside.—Nat Goodwin in New York Press.

Paid for Being Sung To.

Who hasn't heard the song "Georgie?" If it's you it must be because you do not dare to trust yourself in concert halls.

No one there will touch you, steal you or do anything to shock you. All the trouble that may come to you will depend entirely on yourself.

"Georgie" is the song the cafe chantant chanteuse sings to the bass viol player in the orchestra. He, unhappy man, is the pretended object of her affection. She addresses him in such burning terms of endearment that the audience howl with delight, while the poor player blushes with embarrassment. Every one sees the point, but the poor bass viol man can't help wishing it was true. Still, he takes the rose given him by the prima donna from one of her bouquets with evident content.

Who can blame him? He gets two dollars extra a night besides.—New York Herald.

The English and French Orations.

With us hearing orations is a serious, dreary business; to the Frenchman it is an artistic pleasure and a holiday function, even though it be at the graveside or in the throes of a revolution. Fine language, whether in a speech or book, he welcomes as an esthetic luxury and emotional stimulant, the fineness being of course proportioned to his degree of cultivation, for academicians have been found to own that some phrases, highly effective in their day, are only vulgar fustian. He views the eloquence of the rostrum much as we do that of the stage—as a professional art, whereof he is a sharp and enthusiastic critic. Truth, cold veracity, naked fact, prosaic reason are not what he seeks, but inspiring themes clothed in grand words.—London Academy.

Anything to Oblige.

A young married Frenchman was at a picture dealer's. He had pretty well made up his mind to purchase a certain canvas, which was marked up 6,500 francs. "Can't you make it 6,000?" said he to the dealer. "If I buy the picture I have to send a telegram to my wife informing her of the fact, and 6,000 would be two words less, you know." "Can't make any reduction, sir, on 6,500," said the dealer, "but I'll make it the even 7,000, just to meet your wishes."—London Figaro.

Evaporation of Boilers.

In calculating the evaporative capacity of boilers it is usual to reckon it at so many pounds per square foot of heating surface. But this method is not sufficiently accurate to determine the maximum evaporation at any given point, since evaporation is not and cannot be uniform throughout a boiler.—Exchange.

The Value of Science.

Science is a first rate piece of furniture for a man's upper chamber if he has common sense on the ground floor. But if a man hasn't plenty of good, common sense the more science he has the worse for the patient.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Snow Storage.

Countries that have inadvisedly allowed their forest lands to be denuded eventually come to the conclusion that such recklessness involves most serious penalties. This appears to be the case in certain parts of Russia, where severe droughts cause great distress and injury. These droughts are ascribed to the gradual depreciation of the country along the principal rivers, and to the removal of obstacles in the river beds. Both these factors combine in causing the rainwater and melted snow to pass off more rapidly, and the low water level of the rivers therefore become abnormally and permanently low.

To remedy this ponds are to be dug or built up in the courses from which the rivers are fed, and on the plains long banks are to be raised, against which snowdrifts will be formed. The snow thus accumulated will melt more slowly than the thinner masses elsewhere, and will form a valuable supplement to the water supply at the period of the year when the droughts have hitherto obtained. This is simply a wholesale adaptation of a practice that has long been attributed to the more provident Russian peasants, who are in the habit of using plank walls to intercept the snow. The banks thus formed are said to frequently serve as the family water supply up to the month of August.—Nevada News.

Depew's Corpse Story.

Chauncey M. Depew told the following story at a banquet in New York:

A classmate of mine, a preacher, was located in a spiritualistic neighborhood, and the leader of the spiritualists' band died. His next friend came to see the clergyman, and said: "We have something of the old Puritan spirit left, though we have renounced it in our practice, and we want our leader buried by Christian ceremonial. Will you attend?" My friend, the clergyman, consented in the best spirit of Christian charity. He gave out the hymn, read a passage of Scripture and made such remarks as he conscientiously could, whereupon the wife of the dead spiritualist rose and said that she had a communication from her husband.

That critical spirit tore the eulogium to pieces, ripped up the Scripture quoted and denounced the hymn. The surviving leader of the spiritualist band came to the clergyman and said: "We beg your pardon. We had no idea that our leader would come back here and act in this way, and we hope you will forgive us." "My friend," the clergyman said, "I will forgive you, because it is the first time in the many ministrations that I have had of this kind in this parish that I have ever been sassed by the corpse."—New York World.

Pirate Treasure.

The period fruitful above all others to the (imaginary) treasure seekers is that of the bold buccaneers, of the Spanish galleons charged with bullion and of the treasure fleets that were the choicest prey of the gallant sea rover.

Pirate or buccaneer, he had some favorite haunt about Key West or among the islands of the Spanish main—some cave filled with booty which one day he hopes to transfer in safety to his native Devon. But a ship heaves in sight—it is a Spanish man-of-war—and such a contest ensues as has inspired the popular muse of the sailors' "shanty."

There is an end of the pirate and his crew, but the secret deposit remains as a prize for some future adventurer. Or it may be that the buccaneers are only shipwrecked, and that one of the crew escapes with the fragment of an old chart on which is marked the exact position of the buried treasure. The subject leaves plenty of play for the imagination, and, although often worked up in fiction, has always a kind of freshness about it, with a savor of truth and fact, for doubtless such a hoard does somewhere exist, if we could only find it.—All the Year Round.

A Clever Cat.

There is a large Maltese cat making its headquarters at the Seventh police precinct station that is bound to go on record as the smartest feline known. Like all other cats it delights in capturing sparrows, but unlike other cats it has never been known to let a bird get away that it made up its mind to catch. Lieutenant Thompson is authority for the statement that the cat, perched on the cornice of the building, made a leap of twenty-two feet into a tree and caught a sparrow. The lieutenant has also watched the cat while bird catching and has counted nine sparrows carried to a spot, and after the hunt was over devoured one by one.

A peculiar trait of the cat is that there is but one man who reports at the station that she will make friends with, and he is Patrolman Rowland. When he is on night duty the cat will follow him from the time he goes on duty until relieved the next morning. All the dogs in the Newburg region have encountered the cat on several occasions, and when she is in sight the canines take the other side of the street.—Cleveland Press.

How He Feels Better.

A Woodward avenue man, who likes his joke and his good living, hasn't been feeling well lately, and one day last week he went to see a physician. The doctor felt his pulse, looked at his tongue and became thoughtful.

"Um—er," he said, "do you eat before going to bed?"

"Well, yes, usually."

"Of course you do. I was sure of that. The symptoms are very evident. You'll have to stop it."

"Entirely?" asked the patient quietly.

The doctor became thoughtful again.

"Um—er," he said slowly; "about how much do you eat, and about how long after it before you go to bed?"

"That depends somewhat, doctor," and the patient looked serious. "I usually eat three meals, and they are scattered along between 6 in the morning and 6 at night."

Then the doctor made a few tropical remarks and said, "Two dollars, please."—Detroit Free Press.

Easy to Take

And prompt to cure, Ayer's Pills act on the intestines, not by stimulating, but by strengthening them. They promote the natural peristaltic motion of the bowels, without which there can be no regular, healthy operations. For the cure of constipation, biliousness, jaundice, vertigo, sick headache, indigestion, sour stomach, and drowsiness,

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are unsurpassed. They are equally beneficial in rheumatism, neuralgia, colds, chills, and fevers. Being purely vegetable, delicately sugar-coated, and quickly dissolved, they are admirably adapted for household use, as well as for travelers by land or sea. Ayer's Pills are in greater demand, the world over, than any other pill, and are recommended by the most eminent physicians.

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Society Directory.

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County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
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County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

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Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Corcoran, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union-st.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4305 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 609 46th st; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in hall, corner Forty-second and Halsted sts.

Div 7—Wm Sullivan, Pres, 130 Lytle-st; Patrick Carmody, V P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 3442 Marshfield-av; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 445 W Twelfth-st, 2d Sunday of month at 7:30.

Div 8—M J Ryan, Pres, 257 Michigan-st; M Doyle, V P; D J Mahoney, Rec Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Fin Sec; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday of each month at 8 p m, corner Clark and Michigan sts.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P C Finerty, V P; Thomas White, Rec Sec, South Chicago; Owen Abern, Fin Sec; T Abern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, Eigeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—John B O'Connor, Pres, 4520 Dreyer-st; James Small, V P; Denis O Toole, Rec Sec, 4125 State-st; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Nebo hall, 4430 Wentworth-av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—D Kirby, Pres, 466 W Erie st; M R Lynch, V P; T J Lamb, Rec Sec, 578 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4367 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Derrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 17—Martin Mulcahy, Pres, 2836 Fifth-av; Lawrence Hensly, V P; F J Conroy, Rec Sec, 493 35th-st; Wm Houlihan, Fin Sec; Michael Finnegan, Treas. Meet 2nd Wednesday each month at 8 p m, at N W corner of Thirty-seventh-st and Armour-av.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third-sts.

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3802 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'dern, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, V P; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; M Ryan, Fin Sec; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Asaland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—P Molloy, Pres, 4717 Wentworth-av; John Kerr, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Dolan, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div 35—Thos Doyle, Pres, 3813 Lowe av; T F Doyle, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3758 Union-av; Michael Hughes, Fin Sec; M Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at cor 35th st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; P D Ryan, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Donhey, Pres, 6339 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 60th-st.

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St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

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FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. David L Barry, Pres, 29 Plum-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 393 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor-st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

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Stonewall Jackson's Horse.

Among the stores captured at Harper's Ferry, writes Mrs. Jackson in her "Life of Stonewall Jackson," not the least valuable was a train of cars on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, bound for Washington, and loaded with horses for the government. This was a lawful prize and was at once turned over to the Confederate army, with the exception of two horses which General Jackson purchased. Thinking that hostilities would soon be over, he selected the smaller of the two—a pretty sorrel—as a present for his wife.

General Jackson had several other horses, but preferred the little sorrel to them all, finding his gait, as he expressed it, "as easy as the rocking of a cradle." He rode this horse in nearly every battle in which he was engaged.

Fancy, as the sorrel was named, seemed almost indefatigable. One reason perhaps was that he always lay down when the command halted for a rest. His master made a pet of him, and often fed him with apples from his own hand.

After being lost for a time upon the fall of General Jackson at Chancellorsville, the horse was found by a Confederate soldier and kindly sent to the Jackson family in North Carolina. He lived many years in Lincoln county, on the farm of Dr. Morrison, father-in-law of the general.

One of the young Morrisons used to say that Old Fancy, as he was always called on the farm, "had more sense than any horse he ever saw."

He could make as good use of his mouth in lifting latches and letting down bars as a man could with his hands. One of his habits was to let himself out of his stable, and then go deliberately to the doors of all the other horses and mules, liberate each in turn, and then march off to the grain fields with them all behind him—like a soldier leading his command.

But he was such a pet that his misdemeanors passed for cleverness. He was often taken to county fairs, where he was an object of as much interest as one of the old heroes of the war.

He was more than thirty years of age when he died, in 1886, at the Soldiers' home in Richmond. A stuffed effigy of this old warhorse may still be seen in a glass case in the library of the home.

A new national bank has been organized at Sioux City, Ia., with a capital stock of $200,000, of which the Cuhady brothers of Chicago have the controlling interest.

It is said that Senator Gorman thinks the senate will adjourn about April 10, and that an extra session of congress will be called not later than Sept. 15.

M. L. Jacobs of Beaver Dam, Wis., has been appointed chief clerk of the general land office.

Dr. T. J. Pearce, convicted of the murder of Mrs. Clayton at St. Paul, was denied a new trial and sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary.

Mrs. Philip Kline and two children of Lima, O., died from the effects of poison obtained in eating pies made from prepared pie fruits.

Four men were injured in a fight behind the scenes in the Walnut Street threatre, Cincinnati, during the play of "The Country Circus."

A sleeping car on the Soo line caught fire at Pembina, Mich., and was destroyed. None of the passengers were injured.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face. Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12 00.

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Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

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No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39, Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $13.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

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Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch: the works contain seven jewels, stem-winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. January Term, A. D. 1893. Archibald Wilson vs. Eva Catharine Wilson. In Chancery, No. 4,423. Gen. No. 145,107. Affidavit of non-residence of Eva Catharine Wilson, defendant in the above entitled cause named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, notice is hereby given to the said Eva Catherine Wilson that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of February, A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.

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